SOME

MEMOIRS

Of the LIFE of

JOHN ROBERTS.

Written by his SON

DANIEL ROBERTS.

The SECOND EDITION.

The Steps of a good Man are ordered by the LORD; *and he delighteth in his Way. He is* his *Strength in the Time of Trouble.* Pſ. xxxvii. 23. 39.

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I HAVE had it on my Mind, for ſome Years paſt, to commit to Writing ſome memorable Paſſages, the Chief of which were tranſacted in my Time, together with ſome ſhort Account of our Family.

My Grandfather's Name was JOHN ROBERTS, *alias* HAYWARD. He liv'd at a Village call'd *Siddington*, within a Mile of *Cirenceſter*, in *Glouceſterſhire*. I have heard he lived reputably on a little Eſtate of his own, which he occupied. He married MARY SOLLISS, Siſter to ANDREW SOLLISS, Eſq; who was in the Commiſſion of the Peace, and ſuſtain'd great Spoil in the Time of the Civil War between K. CHARLES I. and the Parliament. I have heard, a Colonel, and his Men, and Horſes, quarter'd themſelves upon him a conſiderable Time together, turning their Horſes to the Corn and Hay Mows.

My Father and his next Neighbour went into the Army under *Oliver Cromwell*, and continued 'till they heard *Cirenceſter* was taken by the King's Party; when they thought proper to return home, to ſee how it fared with their Parents and Relations.

As they were paſſing by *Cirenceſter*, they were diſcover'd and purſued by Two Solders of the King's Party (then in Poſſeſſion of the Town.) Seeing themſelves purſued, they quitted their Horſes, and took to their Heels: But by reaſon of their Accoutrements could make little Speed. They came up with my Father firſt; and tho' he begged for

Quarter, none they would give him; but laid on him with their Swords, cutting and ſlaſhing his Hands and Arms, which he held up to ſave his Head; as the Marks upon them did long after teſtify. At length it pleaſed the Almighty to put it into his Mind to fall down on his Face; which he did. Hereupon the Soldiers, being on Horſeback, cry'd to each other, *Alight, and cut his Throat!* But neither of them did; yet continued to ſtrike and prick him about the Jaws, till they thought him dead. Then they left him, and purſued his Neighbour, whom they preſently overtook and kill'd. Soon after they had left my Father, it was ſaid in his Heart, *Riſe and flee for thy Life*; which Call he obey'd; and ſtarting upon his Feet, his Enemies eſpy'd him in Motion, and purſu'd him again. He ran down a ſteep Hill, and thro' a River, which ran at the Bottom of it; tho' with exceeding Difficulty, his Boots filling with Water, and his Wounds bleeding very much. They follow'd him to the Top of the Hill; but, ſeeing he had got over, purſued him no farther. He was at a Loſs which Way to take in this wounded and diſconſolate Condition, being ſurrounded with Enemies on every Hand. At length he determin'd to go to his Uncle *Soliſs*'s; from whence he ſent a Servant to a Widow at *Cirenceſter* (at whoſe Houſe the Chief Officers lay) with whom he was acquainted, deſiring her to come to him; which ſhe readily did, and offered him all the Service in her Power. He deſir'd her, as the principal Officers lay at her Houſe, to uſe her Intereſt with 'em to give Command that none of the Soldiers might offer him any Abuſe. Which ſhe effected; and in Goodwill to her they likewiſe ſent their ableſt Surgeon to him. He was a Man of great Skill, but of a ſour Diſpoſition; for he told my Father, *if he had met him in the Field, he would have kill'd him himſelf*; *but now*, ſaid he, *I'll cure you*; which he did. When my Father found himſelf able he went to his Father's Houſe, and found him very ill in Bed. They greeted each other with many Tears, and a great Intermixture of Joy and Sorrow. After ſome Time, my Father perceiv'd *him* to tremble to ſuch a Degree, that the Bed ſhook under him. Upon which my Father aſk'd him how it was with him? He reply'd, "I am well: I feel no Pain. 'Tis the mighty "Power of GOD that ſhakes me." After lying ſtill ſome Time, he broke out in a ſweet Melody of Spirit, ſaying,

"In

" In the LORD only have I Righteouſneſs and Strength! In " GOD have I Salvation!" I don't remember to have heard he ſaid any Thing more before his Departure.

The Civil War continuing, my Father found he could not be ſafe at home; and therefore he went again, and continued 'till near the Concluſion of that dreadful Eruption; when he return'd again to his ſorrowful Family at *Siddington*. After ſome Time he took to Wife *Lydia Tindal*, Daughter of *Thomas Tindal* of *Slincomb*, near *Durſley*; a religious Family, and one of thoſe under the Denomination of *Puritans*. *Matthew Hale* (afterwards Lord Chief-Juſtice of *England*) was her Kinſman, and drew her Marriage-Settlement. It pleaſed GOD to give 'em Six Children, viz. *John*, *Joſeph*, *Lydia*, *Thomas*, *Nathaniel*, and *Daniel*. *Joſeph* and *Lydia* died young; *Thomas* was kill'd, at the Age of Fourteen, by a Kick from a Mare; the reſt living to Man's Eſtate.

In the Year 1665, it pleaſed the LORD to ſend Two Women *Friends*, out of the *North*, to *Cirenceſter*, who, enquiring after ſuch as feared GOD, were directed to my Father, as the likelieſt Perſon to entertain 'em. They came to his Houſe, and deſired a Meeting. He granted it, and invited ſeveral of his Acquaintance to ſit with 'em. After ſome Time of Silence, the *Friends* ſpake a few Words, which had a good Effect. After the Meeting, my Father endeavour'd to engage 'em in Diſcourſe: But they ſaid little, only recommended him to *Richard Farnſworth*, then Priſoner for the Teſtimony of Truth, in *Banbury* Jail, to whom they were going. Upon the Recommendation my Father went ſhortly after to the Priſon, in order to converſe with *Richard*; where he met with the Two Women who had been at his Houſe. The Turnkey was denying them Entrance, and telling them he had an Order not to let any of thoſe *giddy-headed People* in; and therefore, if they did *go in*, he would *keep* them there. But upon my Father's Deſire they were admitted in along with him, and conducted, through ſeveral Rooms, to a Dungeon where *Richard Farnſworth* was preaching, thro' a Grate, to the People in the Street. But ſoon after they came in he diſiſted, and, after a little Time of Silence, turning to them, he ſpake to this Purpoſe: 'That ' *Zacheus*, being a Man of low Stature, and having a Mind ' to ſee CHRIST, ran before, and climb'd up into a Syca-

'call'd to him, *Zacheus, come down! This Day is Salvation come to thy Houſe.* Thus, *Zacheus* was like ſome in our Day, who, are climbing up into the Tree of *Knowledge*, thinking to find CHRIST there. But the Word now is, *Zacheus come down! come down! for that which is to be known of* GOD *is manifeſted* WITHIN.' This, with more to the ſame Purpoſe, was ſpoken in ſuch *Authority*, that, when my Father came home, he told my Mother he had ſeen *Richard Farnſworth*, who had ſpoke to his Condition as if he had known him from his Youth. And after this Time he patiently bore the Croſs; and afterwards, when it pleaſed GOD to communicate to him a Portion of the Knowledge of his Bleſſed *Truth*, a Neceſſity was laid upon him, one Firſt-Day Morning to go to the Publick Worſhip-houſe in *Cirenceſter* in the Time of Worſhip, not knowing what might be required of him there. He went; and, ſtanding with his Hat on, the Prieſt was ſilent for ſome Time: But being aſk'd why he did not go on? he anſwer'd, he *could not, while that Man ſtood with his Hat on.* Upon this, ſome took him by the Arm, and led him into the Street, ſtaying at the Door to keep him out: But after waiting a little in Stilneſs, he found himſelf clear, and paſſed away. As he paſs'd the Market-place, the Tie of his Shoe ſlacken'd; and, while he ſtooped down to faſten it, a Man came behind him, and ſtruck him on the Back a hard Blow with a Stone, ſaying, *There, take that for* JESUS CHRIST's *ſake.* He anſwer'd, *So I do*; not looking back to ſee who it was, but quietly going his Way. A few Days after a Man came and aſked him Forgiveneſs; telling him He was the unhappy Man that gave him the Blow on his Back, and he could have no Reſt ſince he had done it.

Not long after, Three *Friends* came that Way, who found the like Concern, viz, *Robert Silveſter*, *Philip Grey*, and *Thomas Onyon.* Theſe ſtanding in the Steeple-houſe with their Hats on, tho' they ſaid nothing, the Prieſt was ſilent: And being aſk'd if he was not well? he anſwer'd, he *could not go forward while thoſe dumb Dogs ſtood there.* Whereupon the People dragg'd 'em out: And the Prieſt afterwards informing a Juſtice that they interrupted him in Divine Service, they were bound over to the Quarter-Seſſions. My Father, at their Deſire, accompany'd them to the

had accuſed them, the Bench, in a Rage, without aſking them any Queſtions, order'd their Mittimus to be made. This unjuſt and illegal Proceeding kindled my Father's Zeal; inſomuch that he, ſtepping forward, call'd to the Juſtices, ſaying, *Are not thoſe who ſit on the Bench ſworn to do Juſtice? Is there not a Man among you that will do the Thing that is right?* Whereupon, *John Stephens*, of *Lipeat* (then Chair-man) cry'd out *Who are you Sirrah? What is your Name?* My Father telling him his Name, he ſaid, *I am glad I have you here: I have heard of you: You deſerve a Stone Doublet: There's many an honeſter Man than you hang'd. It may be ſo*, anſwer'd my Father: *But what doſt thou think becomes of thoſe that hang* honeſt Men? The Juſtice reply'd, *I'll ſend you to Priſon; and if any Inſurrection or Tumult be in the Land, I'll come and cut your Throat firſt with my own Sword; for I fear to ſleep in my Bed, leſt ſuch Fanaticks ſhould come and cut my Throat:* And, ſnatching up a Ball of Wax, he violently threw it at my Father; who avoided the Blow by ſtepping aſide. Their Mittimus's were then made, and they were all ſent to Priſon.

The ſame Evening my Uncle *Solliſs*, who was one of the Juſtices on the Bench, came to the Priſon, and, calling for my Father, aſk'd him if he was willing to have his Liberty to go home to his Wife and Family? *Upon what Terms Uncle?* ſaid my Father.

Juſtice. Upon ſuch Terms, that the Jailor open the Doors, and let you out.

John Roberts. *What! without entering into any Recognizance?*

Juſtice. Yes.

John Roberts. *Then I accept of my Liberty. But admire, Uncle, how thou and ſeveral others could ſit upon the Bench as with your Thumbs in your Mouths, when you ſhould ſpeak a Word in behalf of the Innocent.*

Juſtice. You muſt learn to live under a Law, Couſin. And if you'll accept of your Liberty 'till next Seſſions, you may have it: If not, ſtay were you are.

So they parted; and on the Morrow my Father went home, having alſo the Jailor's Leave.

In the Night a Concern came upon him, with ſuch Weight, that it made him tremble 'till the Bed ſhook under him. My Mother aſking the Reaſon of it, he anſwer-

ed: *The* LORD *requires hard Things of me: If it would pleaſe him, I had rather lye down my Life than obey him in what he requires at my Hands.* To which my Mother reply'd; 'If 'thou art fully perſuaded the LORD requires it of thee, I 'would not have thee diſobey him; for he will require no-'thing of us but what he will enable us to go thro': There-'fore we have good Cauſe to truſt in him.' On which he ſaid, *I muſt go to this* John Stephens, *who is my great Enemy, and ſent me to Priſon, where he ſaid he would ſecure me; and as my Uncle* Sollis *in Kindneſs has given me Leave to come home, I can expect no more Favour from him, if I now go and run myſelf into the Mouth of my Adverſary. But I muſt go whatever I ſuffer.* He aroſe, and prepared for his Journey; but durſt eat or drink nothing. When he mounted his Horſe, the Command of the LORD was to him, *Remember* Lot's *Wife: Look not back.* So on he rode very chearfully 8 or 9 Miles, till he came within Sight of the Juſtice's Houſe; and then he let in the Reaſoner, who reaſoned him out of all his Courage, preſenting to his Mind, that his Uncle *Solliſs* and his Neighbours would ſay, he had no Regard for his Wife and Family, thus to puſh himſelf into the Hands of his greateſt Enemy. This brought ſuch a Cloud over his Mind, that he alighted off his Horſe, and ſat down upon the Ground, to ſpread his Cauſe before the LORD. After he had waited ſome Time in Silence, the LORD appeared and diſſipated the Cloud, and his Word was to him, *Go, and I will go with thee, and will give thee a threſhing Inſtrument, and thou ſhalt threſh the Mountains.* Now he was exceedingly overcome with the Love of GOD: And I have often heard him ſay, he was filled like a Veſſel that wanted Vent, and ſaid in his Heart, *Thy Preſence is enough*, proceeding to the Houſe with great Satisfaction. It being pretty early in the Morning, and ſeeing the Stable Door open, he went to the Groom, and deſir'd him to put up his Horſe. While this was doing the Juſtice's Son and his Clerk came up, who roughly ſaid, 'I thought you had been in *Glouceſter* Caſtle.'

John Roberts. *So I was.*

Clerk. And how came you out?

John Roberts. *When thou haſt Authority to demand it, I can give thee an Anſwer. But my Buſineſs is with thy Maſter, if I may ſpeak with him.*

Clerk. You may, if you'll promiſe to be civil.

John Roberts. *If thou ſeeſt me uncivil, I deſire thee to tell me of it.*

They went in; and my Father following them, they bid him take a Turn in the Hall, and they would acquaint the Juſtice of his being there. He was ſoon called in; and my Father no ſooner ſaw him, but he believed the LORD had been at work upon him: For, as he behav'd to him with the Fierceneſs of a Lion before, he now appeared like a Lamb, meeting him with a pleaſant Countenance, and, taking him by the Hand, ſaid, 'Friend *Haywood*, How do you do?' My Father anſwer'd, *Pretty well*; and then proceeded thus: 'I am come, in the Fear and Dread of Heaven, to warn 'thee to repent of thy Wickedneſs with Speed, leſt the 'LORD cut the Thread of thy Life, and ſend thee to the 'Pit that is bottomleſs. I am come to warn thee, in great 'Love, whether thou wilt hear or forbear, and to preach 'the everlaſting Goſpel to thee.' The Juſtice reply'd, 'You are a welcome Meſſe ger to me; that is what I have 'long deſired to hear.' *The everlaſting Goſpel* (returned my Father) *is the ſame that* GOD *ſent his Servant* John *to declare, when he ſaw an Angel fly thro' the midſt of Heaven, ſaying with a loud Voice,* 'Fear GOD, *and give Glory to his Name,* 'and worſhip Him who made Heaven and Earth, the Sea, and 'the Fountains of Water.' The Juſtice then cauſed my Father to ſit down by him on his Couch; and ſaid, 'I be-'lieve your Meſſage is of GOD, and I receive it as ſuch. I 'am ſorry I have done you Wrong: I will never wrong 'you more. I would pray you to forgive me, and to pray 'to GOD to forgive me.' After much more Diſcourſe, he offered my Father the beſt Entertainment his Houſe afford-ed; but my Father excus'd himſelf from eating or drinking with him at that Time, expreſſing his kind Acceptance of his Love; and ſo in much Love they parted.

The ſame Day *William Dewſberry* had appointed a Meeting at *Tedbury*; whither my Mother went. But ſhe was ſo con-cerned on account of my Father's Exerciſe, that ſhe could receive little Benefit from the Meeting. after the Meeting was ended, *William Dewſberry* walk'd to and fro in a long Paſſage, groaning in Spirit; and by and by came up to my Mother, and, tho' ſhe was a Sranger to him, he laid his Hand upon her Head, and ſaid, 'Woman, thy Sorrow is

'great:

'great: I ſorrow with thee,' Then walking a little to and fro, as before, he came to her again, and ſaid: 'Now the 'Time is come that thoſe who marry muſt be as tho' they 'marry'd not, and thoſe who have Huſbands as tho' they 'had none; for the LORD calls for all to be offered up.' By this ſhe ſaw the LORD had given him a Senſe of her great Burthen; for ſhe had not diſcovered her Exerciſe to any: And it gave her ſuch Eaſe in her Mind, that ſhe went home, rejoicing in the LORD. She no ſooner got home, but ſhe found my Father return'd from *Lypeat*, where his Meſſage was received in ſuch Love as was far from their Expectation: The Senſe of which, much broke them into Tears, in Conſideration of the great Goodneſs of GOD, in ſo eminently making way for and helping them that Day.

At the next Seſſions my Father and the Three *Friends* appeared in Court; where, as ſoon as Juſtice *Stephens* eſpy'd them, he call'd to my Father, and ſaid, '*John*, I accept 'your Appearance, and diſcharge you; and the Court diſ-'charges you. You may go about your Buſineſs.' But my Father, thinking his Work not done, did not haſten out of Court. Upon which, the Clerk demanded his Fees. *What! doſt mean Money?* ſays my Father. 'Yes: What do you 'think I mean? ſays the Clerk.' My Father reply'd, *I don't know that I owe any Man here any Thing but Love, and muſt I now purchaſe my Liberty with Money? I don't accept it on ſuch Terms.*

Clerk (*to the Chairman*). An't pleaſe Your Worſhip, *John* won't pay the Fees of the Court.

John Roberts. *I don't accept my Liberty on ſuch Terms.*

Then he was ordered to Priſon with the Three *Friends*. But in the Evening the Clerk diſcharged them, and ever after carried himſelf very kindly to my Father.

He was afterwards caſt into Priſon at *Cirenceſter*, by *George Bull*, Vicar of *Upper Siddington*, for Tythes. Where was confined at the ſame Time, upon the ſame Account, *Elizabeth Hewlings*, a Widow, of *Amney*, near *Cirenceſter*. She was a good Chriſtian, and ſo good a Midwife that her Confinement was a Loſs to that Side of the Country; inſomuch, that Lady *Dunch*, of *Down-Amney*, thought it would be an Act of Charity to the Neighbourhood to purchaſe her Liberty, by paying the Prieſt's Demand; which ſhe did. She likewiſe came to *Cirenceſter* in a Coach, and

ſent

ſent her Footman, *Alexander Cornwall*, to the Priſon, to bring *Elizabeth* to her. And while *Elizabeth* was making ready to go with the Man my Father and he fell into a little Diſcourſe. He aſk'd my Father his Name, and where his Home was; which when my Father had told him. 'What! 'ſaid he, are you that *John Haywood*, of *Siddington*, who 'keeps great Conventicles at your Houſe.' My Father anſwer'd, *The Church of* CHRIST *often meets at my Houſe. I ſuppoſe I am the Man thou meaneſt.* 'I have often, reply'd *Corn-* 'wall, heard my Lady ſpeak of you; and I am ſure ſhe 'would gladly be acquainted with you.' When he returned to his Lady, he told her he had met with ſuch a Man in the Priſon as, he believed, ſhe would not ſuffer to lie in Priſon for Conſcience-ſake; informing her withal who it was. She immediately bid him go back and fetch him to her. Accordingly he came to Jail, and told my Father his Lady wanted to ſpeak with him. my Father anſwered, *If any body would ſpeak with me, they muſt come where I am; for I am a Priſoner.* 'Oh, ſaid *Cornwall*, I'll get Leave of the Jailor for you to go. Which he did. And when they came before the Lady, ſhe put on a majeſtic Air, to ſee how the Quaker would greet her. He went up towards her, and bluntly ſaid, *Woman, would'ſt thou ſpeak with me?*

Lady. What's your Name?

John Roberts. *My Name is* John Roberts; *but I am commonly known by the Name of* John Haywood *in the Place where I live.*

Lady. Where do you live?

John Roberts. *At a Village called* Siddington, *about a Mile diſtant from this Town.*

Lady. Are you the Man that keeps Conventicles at your Houſe?

John Roberts. *The Church of* CHRIST *do often meet at my Houſe. I preſume I am the Man thou meanſt.*

Lady. What do you lie in Priſon for?

John Roberts. *Becauſe, for Conſcience-ſake, I can't pay an Hireling Prieſt what he demands of me; therefore he, like the falſe Prophets of Old, prepares War againſt me, becauſe I can't put into his Mouth.*

Lady. By what I have heard of you, I took you to be a wiſe Man, and if you could not pay him yourſelf, you might let ſomebody elſe pay him for you.

John Roberts. *That would be under-hand Dealing; and I had rather pay him myſelf than be ſuch a Hypocrite.*

Lady. Then ſuppoſe ſome Neighbour or Friend ſhould pay him for you, unknown to you, you would chooſe to not lie in Priſon when you might have your Liberty.

John Roberts. *I am very well content where I am 'till it ſhall pleaſe* God *to make way for my Freedom.*

Lady. I have a Mind to ſet you at Liberty, that I may have ſome of your Company, which I cannot well have while you are in the Priſon.

Then, ſpeaking to her Man, ſhe bid him go to the Prieſt's Attorney, and tell him ſhe would ſatisfy him, and then pay the Jailor his Fees, and get a Horſe for my Father to go to *Down-Amney* with her.

John Roberts. *If thou art a charitable Woman, as I take thee to be, there are abroad in the World many real Objects of Charity on whom to beſtow thy Bounty: But to feed ſuch Devourers as theſe I don't think to be Charity. They are like* Pharoah's *lean Kine; they eat up the Fat and the Goodly, and look not a whit the better.*

Lady. Well; I would have you get ready to go with us.

John Roberts. *I don't know thou art like to have me when thou haſt bought and paid for me: For if I may have my Liberty, I ſhall think it my Place to be at home with my Wife and Family. But, if thou deſireſt it, I intend to come and ſee thee at* Down-Amney *ſome other Time.*

Lady. That will ſuit me better. But ſet your Time, and I'll lay aſide all other Buſineſs to have your Company.

John Roberts. *If it pleaſe* God *to give me Life, Health, and Liberty I intend to come on Seventh Day next; the Day thou calleſt* Saturday.

Lady. Is that as far as you uſe to promiſe?

John Roberts. *Yes.*

According to his Appointment, my Father went; and found her very inquiſitive about the Things of God, and very attentive to the Truths he delivered. She engaged him likewiſe a ſecond Time, and treated him with abundance of regard. A third Time ſhe bid her Man *Cornwall* go to him, and deſire him to appoint a Day when he would pay her another Viſit: And then order'd him to go to Prieſt *Cardeſs*, of *Cirencester*, and deſire him to come and take a Dinner with her the ſame Time; and not let either of them

know

know the other was to be there. On the Day appointed my Father went; and when he had got within Sight of her Houſe he heard a Horſe behind him, and looking back, he ſaw the Prieſt following him; which made him conclude the Lady had projected to bring them together. When the Prieſt came up to him, 'Well over taken, *John*, ſaid he: 'How far are you going this Way? My Father anſwered, *I believe we are both going to the ſame Place.* 'What, ſaid 'Careleſs, are you going to the great Houſe?' *Yes*, ſaid my Father. 'Come on then, *John*, ſaid he.' So then they went in together. And the Lady being ill in Bed, a Servant went up and informed her they were come. 'What! ſaid ſhe, did they come together?' *Yes*, anſwered the Servant. 'I admire at that, ſaid ſhe. But, do you 'beckon *John* out, and bring him to me firſt, up the Back-'Stairs.' When my Father came up, ſhe told him ſhe had been very ill in a Fit of the Stone, and ſaid, 'I have heard 'you have done Good in many Diſtempers.'

John Roberts. *I confeſs I have; but to this of the Stone I am a Stranger. Indeed I once knew a Man, who lived at Eaſe and fared delicately, as thou may'ſt do, and whilſt he continued in that Practice he was much afflicted with that Diſtemper. But it pleaſed the* LORD *to viſit him with the Knowledge of his bleſſed Truth, which brought him to a more regular and temperate Life, and this preſerved him more free from it.*

Lady. Oh! I know what you aim at. You want to have me a Quaker. And I confeſs if I could be ſuch a one as you are, I would be a Quaker To-morrow.—But I underſtand Mr. *Careleſs* is below; and tho' you are Men of different Perſuaſions, I account you both wiſe and godly Men, and ſome moderate Diſcourſe of the Things of GOD between you, I believe, would do me Good.

John Roberts. *If he aſk me any Queſtions, as the* LORD *ſhall enable me, I ſhall endeavour to give him an Anſwer.*

She then had the Parſon up: And, after a Compliment or two, ſhe ſaid: I made bold to ſend for you, to take an ordinary Dinner with me, tho' I am diſappointed of your Company by my Illneſs. But *John Haywood* and you, being Perſons of different Perſuaſions (tho' I believe both good Chriſtians), if you would ſoberly aſk and anſwer each other a few Queſtions, it would divert me; ſo that I ſhould be leſs ſenſible of the Pains I lie under.

Prieſt. An't pleaſe Your Ladyſhip, I ſee nothing in that.

Lady. Pray, Mr. *Careleſs*, aſk *John* ſome Queſtions.

Prieſt. It will not edify Your Ladyſhip; for I have diſcourſed *John*, and ſeveral others of his Perſuaſion, divers Times, and I have read their Books, and all to no Purpoſe; for they ſprung from the Papiſts, and hold the ſame Doctrine the Papiſts do. Let *John* deny it if he can.

John Roberts. *I find thou art ſetting us out in very black Characters with Deſign to affright me; but therein thou wilt be miſtaken. I adviſe thee to ſay no worſe of us than thou canſt make out, and then make us as black as thou canſt. And if thou canſt prove me a Papiſt in one Thing, with the Help of* God *I'll prove thee like them in ten. And this Woman, who lies here in Bed, ſhall be Judge.*

Prieſt. The Quakers hold that damnable Doctrine, and dangerous Tenet, of Perfection in this Life; and ſo do the Papiſts. If you go about to deny it, *John*, I can prove you hold it.

John Roberts. *I doubt thou art now going about to belye the Papiſts behind their Backs, as thou haſt heretofore done by us. For, by what I have learnt of their Principles, they do not believe a State of Freedom from Sin, and Acceptance with* God, *poſſible on this Side the Grave; and therefore they have imagined to themſelves a Place of* Purgation *after Death. But whether they believe ſuch a State attainable or no, I do.*

Prieſt. An't pleaſe Your Ladyſhip, *John* has confeſs'd enough out of his own Mouth; for that is a damnable Doctrine and dangerous Tenet.

John Roberts. *I would aſk thee one Queſtion: Doſt thou own a* Purgatory?

Prieſt. No.

John Roberts. *Then the Papiſt, in this Caſe, are wiſer than thee. They own the Saying of* Christ, *who told the unbelieving* Jews, *if they dy'd in their Sins, whether he went they could not come. But, by thy Diſcourſe, thou and thy Followers muſt needs go headlong to Deſtruction; ſince thou neither ownеſt a Place of Purgation after Death, nor ſuch a Preparation for Heaven to be poſſible in this Life, as is abſolutely neceſſary. The Scripture thou know'ſt tells us,* where Death leaves us, Judgment will find us. If a Tree falls towards the North or South, there it muſt lye. *And ſince* no unclean Thing can enter the Kingdom of Heaven, *pray tell this poor*

Woman, whom thou haſt been preaching to for thy Belly, whether ever, or never, ſhe muſt expect to be freed from her Sins, and made fit for the Kingdom of Heaven; or whether the Blind muſt lead the Blind 'till both fall into the Ditch.

Prieſt. 'No, *John*, you miſtake me: I believe that 'God Almighty is able of his great Mercy to forgive Perſons their Sins, and fit them for Heaven, a little before 'they depart this Life.'

John Roberts. *I believe the ſame. But, if thou wilt limit the Holy One of* Iſrael, *how long wilt thou give the* LORD *Leave to fit a Perſon for his glorious Kingdom?*

Prieſt. 'It may be an Hour or two.'

John Roberts. *My Faith is a Day or two, as well as an Hour or two.*

Prieſt. 'I believe ſo to.'

John Roberts. *Or a Week or two.* And my Father carried it to a Month or two; and ſo gradually 'till he brought it to ſeven Years, the Prieſt confeſſing he believed the ſame. On which my Father thus proceeded: 'How 'could'ſt thou accuſe me of Popery, in holding this Doctrine, which thou thyſelf haſt confeſs'd too? If I am like 'a Papiſt, thou art, by thy own Confeſſion, as like a Papiſt 'as I am. And if it be a damnable Doctrine and dangerous 'Tenet in the Quakers, is it not the ſame in thyſelf? Thou told'ſt me I miſtook thee; but haſt not thou miſtaken thy'ſelf in condemning thy own acknowledg'd Opinion when 'uttered by me? But notwithſtanding thou haſt fail'd in 'making me out to be a Papiſt in this Particular, can'ſt 'thou do it in any Thing elſe?' Upon this the Prieſt being mute, my Father thus proceeded: 'Well! tho' thou 'haſt fail'd in proving me like them, it need not hinder me 'from ſhewing thee to be ſo in many Things. For Inſtance you build Houſes and conſecrate them, calling them 'Churches, as do the Papiſts. You hang Bells in 'em, and 'conſecrate 'em, calling them by the Names of Saints; ſo 'do they. The Pope and Prieſts of the *Romiſh* Church 'wear Surplices, Gowns, Caſſocks, *&c.* calling them their 'Ornaments; here thou haſt the like; and do'ſt not thou ſtile 'them thy Ornaments? You conſecrate the Ground where you 'interr your Dead, calling it holy Ground; ſo do they. In 'ſhort, thou art like a Papiſt in ſo many Things, he had 'need be a wiſe Man to diſtinguiſh betwixt them and thee.'

At this, the Prieſt appear'd uneaſy, and ſaid to the Lady, 'Madam, I muſt beg your Excuſe; for there's to be a Lecture this Afternoon, and I muſt be there.' She preſs'd him to ſtay to Dinner, but he earneſtly deſired to be excus'd. So a Slice or two being cut off the Spit, he eat and took his Leave.

The Lady then ſaid to my Father, had ſhe not ſeen it, ſhe could not have believed Mr. *Careleſs* could have been ſo foil'd in Diſcourſe by any Man: For, ſaid ſhe, I accounted him as ſound and orthodox a Divine as any was; but now I muſt tell you, I am ſo far of your Opinion, that if you'll let me know when you have a Meeting at your Houſe, and ſomebody to preach (not a ſilent Meeting) I'll come and hear 'em myſelf. My Father anſwer'd, he expected ſhe would be as good as her Word. Not long after came two *Friends* to my Father's Houſe; and tho' the Weather was very ſevere, he found he could not be eaſy without acquainting her with it. So he went to her Houſe; but ſhe ſeem'd a little ſurpriz'd, ſaying, 'What's your Will now, *John?* He informed her of the two *Friends*, and their Intention of having a Meeting at his Houſe. 'How can you 'expect, ſaid ſhe, I ſhould go out ſuch Weather as this? 'You know I ſeldom ſtir out of my Chamber; and to go 'ſo far may endanger my Health.' My Father returned, 'I would not have thee make Excuſes, as ſome of Old did, 'and were not found worthy. Thou know'ſt Time is none 'of ours, and we know not whether we may have the like 'Opportunity again. The Snow need not much incommode thee: Thou may'ſt be quickly in thy Coach, and, 'putting up the Glaſſes, may be pretty warm; and when 'thou com'ſt to my Houſe, I know my Wife will do her 'beſt for thee.' So ſhe order'd her Coach and Six to be got ready, (for the Diſtance was ſeven Miles) ſaying, '*John*'s 'like Death, he'll not be deny'd.' My Father came along with her; and, during the Time of Silence in the Meeting, ſhe appear'd ſomething reſtleſs; but was very attentive whilſt either of the *Friends* were ſpeaking. She was very well pleas'd after the Meeting, and ſat at Table with the *Friends*. While the reſt ſat ſilent, ſhe would be frequently whiſpering to my Mother, 'till one of 'em ſpake a few Words before Meat. She was aſham'd, and told my Mother, When ſhe was among the Great, ſhe was accounted a wiſe Woman; but now (ſaid ſhe) I am among you *Quakers*,

I am a very Fool. Preſently after Dinner ſhe return'd home, and came ſeveral Times to the Meeting afterwards; and I am fully perſuaded ſhe was convinced of the *Truth*; but, going up to *London*, ſhe was there taken ill and died.

Her Man, *Alexander Cornwall*, was convinced of the Truth, and was afterwards a Priſoner with my Father in *Glouceſter* Caſtle; where the Jailor was very cruel to 'em, ſometimes putting them into the common Jail among Felons, and other Times he would hire a Tinker (who lay for his Fees) to trouble them in the Night by playing on his Hautboy. One Time in particular my Father being concerned to ſpeak to him in the Dread and Power of GOD, it ſtruck him to ſuch a Degree, that he dropp'd the Inſtrument out of his Hand, and would never take it into Hand upon that Occaſion any more. When the Jailor aſk'd him why he diſcontinued it, he anſwered, 'They are the Servants of the Living GOD, 'and I'll never play more to diſturb them, if you hang me 'up at the Door for it.' "What! ſaid the Jailor, are you "bewitch'd too? I'll turn you out of the Caſtle." Which he did; and the *Friends* who were there Priſoners rais'd him ſome Money, cloath'd him, and away he went.

Some Time after my Father had three Conferences with ——— *Nicholſen*, Biſhop of *Glouceſter*, introduced in the following Manner. An Apparitor came to cite my Father to Appear at the Biſhop's Court: But he told my Father he could not encourage him to come, leſt they ſhould enſnare him, and ſend him to Priſon. At the ſame Time he cited a Servant of my Father's, named *John Overall*. My Father went at the Time appointed, without his Servant: And when his Name was called over he anſwered to it. The Diſcourſe that occurr'd was in Subſtance as follows: —

Biſhop. What's your Name?

John Roberts. *I have been called by my Name, and anſwered to it.*

Biſhop. I deſire to hear it again.

John Roberts. *My Name is* John Roberts.

Biſhop. Well; you were born *Roberts*; but you were not born *John*. Pray who gave you that Name?

John Roberts. *Thou haſt aſk'd me a very hard Queſtion, my Name being given me before I was capable of remembering*

Name they always call'd me by, and to that Name I always anſwered; and I believe none need to call it in queſtion now.

Biſhop. No, no; but how many Children have you?

John Roberts. *It hath pleaſed* God *to give me Six Children; Three of whom he was pleaſed to take from me; the other Three are ſtill living.*

Biſhop. And how many of them have been biſhop'd?

John Roberts. *None that I know of.*

Biſhop. What Reaſon can you give for that?

John Roberts. *A very good one, I think: Moſt of my Children were born in* Oliver's *Days, when Biſhops were out of Faſhion.* [At this the Court fell a laughing.]

Biſhop. But how many of them have been baptiz'd?

John Roberts. *What doſt thou mean by that?*

Biſhop. What! don't you own Baptiſm?

John Roberts. *Yes; but perhaps we may differ in that Point.*

Biſhop. What Baptiſm do you own? That of the *Spirit*, I ſuppoſe.

John Roberts. *Yes. What other Baptiſm ſhould I own?*

Biſhop. Do you own but one Baptiſm?

John Roberts. *If one be enough, what needs any more? The Apoſtle ſaid,* One Lord, one Faith, one Baptiſm.

Biſhop. What ſay you of the Baptiſm of *Water?*

John Roberts. *I ſay, there was a Man ſent from* God, *whoſe name was* John, *who had a real Commiſſion for it; and he was the* only *Man that I read of who was impower'd for that Work.*

Biſhop. But what if I make it appear to you, that ſome of Christ's Diſciples themſelves baptiz'd with *Water*, after Christ's Aſcention?

John Roberts. *I ſuppoſe that's no very difficult Taſk; but what is that to me?*

Biſhop. Is it nothing to you what Christ's Diſciples themſelves did.

John Roberts. *Not in every Thing; for* Paul, *that Eminent Apoſtle, who I ſuppoſe thou wilt grant had as extenſive a Commiſſion as any of the reſt of the Apoſtles; nay, he ſays himſelf, he was not a whit behind the Chiefeſt of them, and yet he honeſtly confeſſes he had no Commiſſion to baptize with Water; and further ſays,* I thank God I baptiz'd none but ſuch

Water) but to preach the Goſpel. *And if he was not ſent, I would ſoberly aſk who required it at his Hands? Perhaps he might have as little Thanks for his Labour as thou mayſt have for thine; and I would willingly know who ſent thee to baptize.*

Biſhop. This is not our preſent Buſineſs. You are here *return'd* for not coming to *Church*. What ſay you to *that?*

John Roberts. *I deſire to ſee my Accuſers.*

Biſhop. It is the Miniſter and Church-wardens. Do you deny it?

John Roberts. *Yes I do: For it is always my Principle and Practice to go to* Church.

Biſhop. And do you go to *Church?*

John Roberts. *Yes; and ſometimes the* Church *comes to me.*

Biſhop. The Church comes to *you?* I don't underſtand you, Friend.

John Roberts. *It may be ſo: 'Tis often for Want of a good Underſtanding that the Innocent are made to ſuffer.*

Apparitor. My Lord, he keeps *Meetings* at his Houſe, and he calls *that* a *Church.*

John Roberts. *No; I no more believe my* Houſe *to be a* Church *than I believe what you call ſo to be one. I call the* People *of* God *the Church of* God, whereſoever *they are* met *to worſhip him in Spirit and in Truth. And when I ſay the* Church *comes to me, I mean the Aſſembly of ſuch Worſhippers, who frequently meet at my Houſe. I do not call that a Church which you do, which is made of Wood and Stone;* That *is but the Workmanſhip of Mens Hands; whereas the* true Church *conſiſts of living Stones, and is built up by* Christ, *a ſpiritual Houſe, to* God.

Biſhop. We call *it* a Church *figuratively,* meaning the Place where the *Church* meets.

John Roberts: *I fear you call it a Church* hypocritically *and* deceitfully, *with Deſign to awe the People into a Veneration for the* Place, *which is not due to* it, *as tho' your* Conſecrations *had made that Houſe* holier *than others.*

Biſhop. What do you call that which we call *a Church?*

John Roberts. *It may properly enough be call'd a* Maſs-houſe, *it being formerly built for that Purpoſe.*

Apparitor. Mr. *Haywood,* it is expected you ſhould ſhew more Reſpect than you do in *this Place* in keeping on your Hat.

John Roberts. *Who expects it?*

Apparitor. My Lord Biſhop.

John Roberts. *I expect better Things from* him.

Biſhop. No, no; keep on your Hat: I don't expect it from you. A little after, the Biſhop ſaid: Well Friend; This is not a convenient Time for you and I to diſpute; but I may take you to my Chamber, and convince you of your Errors.

John Roberts. *I ſhould take it kindly of Thee, or any Man elſe, to convince me of any* Errors *that I hold; and would hold them no longer.*

Biſhop. Call ſome others.——Then my Father's Man was call'd; who not appearing, the Apparitor ſaid, Mr. *Haywood,* is *John Overall* here?

John Roberts. *I believe not.*

Biſhop. What's the Reaſon he is not here?

John Roberts. *I think there are very good Reaſons for his Abſence.*

Biſhop. What are they? Mayn't I know?

John Roberts. *In the firſt Place, He is an Old Man, and not of Ability to undertake ſuch a Journey, except it was upon a very good Account. In the ſecond Place, he is my Servant; And I can't ſpare him out of my Buſineſs in my Abſence.*

Biſhop. Why does he not go to Church then?

John Roberts. *He does go to Church with Me.*—At this the Court fell a laughing.

Biſhop. Call ſomebody elſe.——Then a Baptiſt Preacher was call'd, who ſeeing the Biſhop's Civility to my Father, in ſuffering him to keep on his Hat, thought to take the ſame Liberty. At whom the Biſhop put on a ſtern Countenance and ſaid, Don't you know this is the *King*'s Court, and that I ſit here to repreſent His Majeſty's Perſon? And do you come here in an uncivil and irreverent Manner, in Contempt of His Majeſty and this Court, with your Hat on? I confeſs there are ſome Men in the World who make a *Conſcience* of putting off their Hats, to whom we ought to have ſome Regard. But for you, who can put it off to every Mechanick you meet, to come here, in Contempt of Authority, with it on, I'll aſſure you, Friend, you ſhall ſpeed never the better for it.—I heard my Father ſay, theſe Words came ſo honeſtly from the Biſhop, that it did him good to hear him.—The Baptiſt then taking off

Biſhop. Why, you have got a Cap on; nay, you have Two Caps on. [He had a black one over a white one.] What is your Reaſon for denying your Children that holy Ordinance of *Baptiſm?*

Baptiſt. *An't pleaſe you, my Lord, I am not well ſatisfied about it.*

Biſhop. What's the Ground of your Diſſatisfaction? Did you ever ſee a Book I publiſh'd, intitled *the Order of Baptiſm?*

Baptiſt. *No my Lord.*

Biſhop. I thought ſo. Then telling him how and where he might get it, he gave him a Space of Time to peruſe it in; and told him, if that would not ſatisfy him, to come to him, and he would give him full Satisfaction. —— Some Time after the Biſhop ſent his Bailiff to take my Father: But he was then gone to *Briſtol* with *George-Fox.* The Officers came ſeveral Times and ſearch'd the Houſe for him, pretending they only wanted him for a ſmall Treſpaſs, which would ſoon be made up, if they could ſee him. My Mother anſwer'd, ſhe didn't believe any Neighbour he had would trouble him upon ſuch an Account; for if by Chance any of his Cattle treſpaſs'd upon any, he would readily make 'em Satisfaction, without further Trouble. Which they very well knew. However, ſhe always treated them civilly, and frequently ſet Meat and Drink before 'em. My Father ſtaying away longer than was expected, they imagin'd he abſconded for Fear of 'em; and therefore offer'd my Mother, if ſhe would give them Twenty Shillings, to let him come home for a Month. But ſhe told 'em ſhe knew of no Wrong he had done to any Man, and therefore would give 'em no Money; for that would imply a Conſciouſneſs of Guilt. *But,* ſaid ſhe, *if my Enemy hunger I can feed him, and if he thirſt, I can give him Drink.* Upon this they flew into a Rage, and ſaid they would have him if he were above Ground; for none could pardon him but the King. —— My Father returning homewards thro' *Tedbury,* was there inform'd that the Bailiffs had been about his Houſe almoſt ever ſince he went from home. He therefore contriv'd to come home after Day-light. When he came into his own Grounds, the Moon ſhining bright, he ſpy'd the Shadow of a Man, and aſk'd *who's there?* It's I, ſays the Man.

John Roberts. *Who!* Sam. Stubbs?

Sam. Stubbs. Yes, Maſter.

John Roberts. *Haſt thou any Thing againſt me?* [He was a Bailiff.]

S. Stubbs. No, Maſter: I might; but I would not meddle: I have wrong'd you enough already: God forgive me. But thoſe who now lay in Wait for you are the *Paytons*, my Lord Biſhop's Bailiffs. I would not have you fall into their Hands, for they are mercileſs Rogues. I would have you, Maſter, take my Counſel: Ever while you live pleaſe a Knave; for an honeſt Man won't hurt you. My Father came home, and deſired us not to let the Bailiffs in upon him that Night, that he might have an Opportunity of taking Counſel on his Pillow. In the Morning he told my Mother what he had ſeen that Night in a Viſion. I tho't, ſaid he, I was walking a fine pleaſant, green Way; but it was narrow, and had a Wall on each Side of it. In my Way lay ſomething like a Bear, but more dreadful. The Sight of it put me to a Stand. A Man, ſeeing me ſurpris'd, came to me with a ſmiling Countenance, and ſaid, *Why art afraid, Friend? It is chain'd, and can't hurt thee.* I thought I made Anſwer, *The Way is ſo narrow, I can't paſs by but it may reach me.—Don't be afraid,* ſays the Man, *it can't hurt thee.* I ſaw he ſpake in great Goodwill, and thought his Face ſhon like the Face of an Angel. Upon which I took Courage, and, ſtepping forward, laid my Hand upon his Head.—The Conſtruction he made of this to my Mother was: *Truth is a Narrow Way; and this Biſhop lies in my Way: I muſt go to him, whatever I ſuffer.* So he aroſe, ſet forward, and call'd upon *Amariah Drewett*, a Friend of *Cirenceſter*, to accompany him. When they came to the Biſhop's Houſe, (at *Cleave* near *Glouceſter*) they found a Butcher's Wife of *Cirenceſter*, who was come to interceed for her Huſband, who was put into the Biſhop's Court for killing Meat on *Firſt Days*. Two Young Sparks of the Biſhop's Attendants, were aſking her if ſhe knew *John Haywood?* She anſwer'd, *Yes very well.* What is he for a Man? ſaid they. 'A very good Man, *ſaid ſhe*, ſetting aſide his Religon: But 'I have nothing to ſay to that. One of them ſaid he'd give Five Shillings to ſee him; the other offer'd Eight. Upon which my Father ſtepp'd up to 'em; but they ſaid not one

Word

Word to him. One of them presently inform'd the Bishop he was come. Whereupon the Bishop dismiss'd his Company, and had him up Stairs. My Father found him seated in his Chair, with his Hat under his Arm, assuming a Majestic Air. My Father stood silent a while; and seeing the Bishop didn't begin with him, he approach'd nearer, and thus accosted him: *Old Man, my Business is with Thee.*

Bishop. What is your Business with me?

John Roberts. 'I have heard thou hast sent out thy Bailiffs to take me: But I rather chose to come myself, to 'know what Wrong I have done thee. If it appear I have 'done thee any, I am ready to make thee Satisfaction: 'But if, upon Enquiry, I appear to be innocent, I desire 'thee, for thy own Soul's sake, thou dost not injure me.

Bishop. You are misinform'd, Friend; I am not your Adversary.

John Roberts. *Then I desire thee to tell me who is my Adversary, that I may* go and agree with him while I am in the Way.

Bishop. The King is your Adversary. The King's Laws you have broken: And to the King you shall answer; that's more.

John Roberts. 'Our Subjection to Laws is either active 'or passive. So that if a Man can't, for Conscience sake, 'do the Thing the Law requires, but passively suffers what 'the Law inflicts, the Law, I conceive, is as fully answer'd 'as if he had actually obey'd.

Bishop. You are wrong in that too; For, suppose a Man steal an Ox, and be taken and hang'd for the Fact, what Restitution is that to the Owner?

John Roberts. 'None at all. But tho' it is no Restitution 'to the Owner, yet the Law is fully satisfy'd. Tho' the 'Owner be a Loser, the Criminal has suffered the Punish-'ment the Law inflicts, as an Equivalent for the Crime 'committed. But thou may'st see the Corruptness of such 'Laws, which put the Life of a Man upon a Level with 'the Life of a Beast.

Bp. What! Do such Men as you find fault with the Laws?

John Roberts. 'Yes: And I'll tell thee plainly, 'tis 'high Time Wiser Men were chosen, to make better Laws. 'For if this Thief was taken and sold

'according to the Law of *Moſes*, and the Owner had Four 'Oxen for his Ox, and Four Sheep for his Sheep, he 'would be ſatisfied, and the Man's Life preſerved, that he 'might repent, and amend his Ways. — But I hope thou 'doſt not accuſe me of having ſtole any Man's Ox or Aſs.

Biſhop. No, no; God forbid!

John Roberts. *Then, if thou pleaſeſt to give me Leave, I'll ſtate a Caſe more parallel to the Matter in Hand.*

Biſhop. You may.

John Roberts. 'There lived in Days paſt *Nebuchadnezzar*, King of *Babylon*, who ſet up an Image, and made a 'Decree, that all who would not bow down to it ſhould be 'caſt the ſame Hour into a burning fiery Furnace. There 'were then Three Young Men, who ſerved the ſame God 'that I do now, and theſe durſt not bow down to it; but 'paſſively ſubmitted their Bodies to the Flames. Was not 'that a ſufficient Satisfaction to the unjuſt Decree of the 'King?'

Biſhop. Yes: God forbid elſe! — For that was to worſhip the Workmanſhip of Mens Hands; which is Idolatry.

John Roberts. *Is that thy Judgment, that to worſhip the Workmanſhip of Mens Hands is Idolatry?*

Biſhop. Yes certainly.

Joh Roberts. *Then give me Leave to aſk thee by whoſe Hands the Common-Prayer-Book was made. I am ſure it was made by ſomebody's Hands, for it could not make itſelf?*

Biſhop. Do you compare our Common-Prayer-Book to *Nebuchadnezzar*'s Image.

John Roberts. 'Yes, I do: That was his Image, and 'this is thine. And be it known unto thee, I ſpeak it in the 'Dread of the God of Heaven, I no more dare bow to 'thy Common-Prayer-Book than the Three Children to '*Nebuchadnezzar*'s Image.'

Biſhop. Yours is a ſtrange upſtart Religion, of a very few Years ſtanding. and you are grown ſo confident in it, that there is no beating you out of it.

John Roberts. 'Out of my Religon? God forbid! I 'was a long Time ſeeking Acquaintance with the Living 'God amongſt the dead Forms of Worſhip, and enquiring 'after the right Way and Worſhip of God, before I could 'find it; and now, I hope, neither thou nor any Man liv-'ing ſhall be able to perſuade me out of it. But tho' thou

'art an Ancient Man and a Biſhop, I find thou art very ig-
'norant of the Riſe and Antiquity of our Religion.

Biſhop. [Smiling.] Do you Quakers pretend *Antiquity* for your Religion?

John Roberts. 'Yes; and I don't queſtion but, with the 'Help of GOD, I can make it appear, that our Religion 'was many hundred Years before thine was thought of.

Biſhop. You ſee I have given you Liberty of Diſcourſe, and have not ſought to enſnare you in your Words; but if you can make the Quakers Religion appear to be many Hundred Years older than mine you'll ſpeed the better.

John Roberts. 'If I do not, I ſeek no Favour at thy 'Hands; and, in order to it, I hope thou'lt give me Li-'berty to aſk a few ſober Queſtions.

Biſhop. You may.

John Roberts. 'Then firſt I would aſk thee, where was 'thy Religion in *Oliver*'s Days? The Common-Prayer-'Book was then become (even among the Clergy) like an 'old Almanack, very few regarding it in our Country. 'There were Two or Three Prieſts indeed, who ſtood ho-'neſtly to their Principles, and ſuffer'd pretty much; but 'the far greater Number turn'd with the Tide: And we 'have Reaſon to believe, that if *Oliver* would have put 'Maſs into their Mouths, they would have conform'd even 'to that for their Bellies.

Biſhop. What wou'd you have us do? Wou'd you have had *Oliver* cut our Throats?

John Roberts. 'No, by no Means. But what Religi-'on was that you were afraid to venture your Throats for? 'Be it known to thee, I ventur'd my Throat for my Reli-'gion in *Oliver*'s Days, as I do now.

Biſhop. And I muſt tell you, tho' in *Oliver*'s Days I did not dare to own it as I do now, yet I never own'd any o-ther Religion.

John Roberts. 'Then I ſuppoſe thou mad'ſt a Conſci-'ence of it; and I ſhould abundantly rather chuſe to fall in-'to ſuch a Man's Hands, than into the Hands of one who 'makes no Conſcience towards GOD, but will conform to 'any Thing for his Belly. But if thou did'ſt not think thy 'Religion worth venturing thy Throat for in *Oliver's* Days, 'I deſire thee to conſider it is not worth cutting other Mens 'Throats now for not conforming to it.

Biſhop. You ſay right: I hope we ſhall have a Care how we cut Mens Throats. [Several others were now come into the Room.] But you know the Common-Prayer Book was before *Oliver*'s Days.

John Roberts. 'Yes: I have a great deal of Reaſon to 'know that; for I was bred up under a Common-Prayer 'Prieſt, and a poor drunken Old Man he was: Sometimes 'he was ſo drunk he could not ſay his Prayers, and at beſt 'he could but ſay 'em; tho' I think he was by far a better 'Man than he that is Prieſt there now.

Biſhop. Who is your Miniſter now?

John Roberts. *My Miniſter is* CHRIST JESUS, *the Miniſter of the everlaſting Covenant; but the preſent Prieſt of the Pariſh is* George Bull.

Biſhop. Do you ſay that drunken Old Man was better than Mr. *Bull?* I tell you, I account Mr. *Bull* as ſound, able, and orthodox a Divine as any we have among us.

John Roberts. 'I am ſorry for that; for if he be one of 'the beſt of you, I believe the LORD will not ſuffer you 'long: For he is a proud, ambitious, ungodly Man; he 'hath often ſued me at Law, and brought his Servants to 'ſwear againſt me wrongfully. His Servants themſelves 'have confeſs'd to my Servants, that I might have their 'Ears; for their Maſter made 'em drunk, and then told 'em they were ſet down in the Liſt as Witneſſes againſt 'me, and they muſt ſwear to it: And ſo they did, and 'brought treble Damages. They likewiſe own'd they took 'Tythes from my Servant, threſh'd 'em out, and ſold 'em 'for their Maſter. They have alſo ſeveral Times took my 'Cattle out of my Grounds, drove 'em to Fairs and Mar-'kets and ſold them without giving me any Account.'

Biſhop. I do aſſure you I will inform Mr. *Bull* of what you ſay.

John Roberts. 'Very well. And if thou pleaſeſt to ſend 'for me to face him, I ſhall make much more appear to 'his Face than I'll ſay behind his Back.

Biſhop. But I remember you ſaid you could make it ap-that your Religion was long before mine; and that is what I want to hear your make out.

John Roberts. 'Our Religion as thou may'ſt read in 'the Scripture (*John* iv.) was ſet up by CHRIST himſelf, be-[illegible] Hundred Years ago; and He

'had full Power to eſtabliſh the true Religion in his Church, 'when he told the Women of *Samaria*, that neither at that 'Mountain nor yet at *Jeruſalem*, was the Place of true 'Worſhip: They worſhipped they knew not what. For, 'ſaid he, GOD *is a* SPIRIT, *and they that worſhip him muſt worſhip him in* SPIRIT *and in* TRUTH. This is our Religion, 'and hath ever been the Religion of all thoſe who have 'worſhipp'd GOD acceptably thro' the ſeveral Ages ſince 'down to this Time; and will be the Religion of the true 'ſpiritual Worſhippers of GOD to the World's End; a Re'ligion perform'd by the Aſſiſtance of the Spirit of GOD, 'becauſe GOD is a Spirit; a Religion eſtabliſh'd by CHRIST 'himſelf before the Maſs-Book, Service-Book, or Directo'ry, or any of thoſe Inventions and Traditions of Men, 'which in the Night of Apoſtacy were ſet up.

Biſhop. Are all the Quakers of the ſame Opinion?

John Roberts. *Yes they are. If any hold Doctrines contrary to that taught by our* SAVIOUR *to the Woman of* Samaria, *they are not of us.*

Biſhop. Do you own the Trinity?

John Roberts. *I don't remember ſuch a Word in the Holy Scriptures.*

Biſhop. Do you own three Perſons?

John Roberts. 'I believe, according to the Scripture, 'that *there are Three that bare Record in Heaven*, and that '*theſe Three are One:* Thou may'ſt make as many Perſons 'of them as thou canſt. But I would ſoberly aſk thee, ſince 'the Scriptures ſay the Heaven of Heavens cannot contain 'him, and that he is incomprehenſible, by what Perſon or 'Likeneſs canſt thou comprehend the Almighty?

Biſhop. Yours is the ſtrangeſt of all Perſuaſions: For tho' there are many Sects [which he named] and tho' they and we differ in ſome Circumſtances, yet in Fundamentals we agree as one. But I obſerve you, of all others, ſtrike at the very Root and Baſis of our Religion.

John Roberts. *Art thou ſenſible of that?*

Biſhop. Yes I am.

John Roberts. 'I am glad of that; for the Root is the 'Rottenneſs, and Truth ſtrikes at the very Foundation 'thereof. That little Stone which *Daniel* ſaw cut out of 'the Mountain without Hands will overturn all in GOD's

'But, as to thoſe others thou mention'ſt, there is ſo little 'Difference between you, that wiſe Men wonder why you 'differ at all; only we read, *the Beaſt had many Heads, and 'many Horns, which puſh againſt each other.* And yet I am 'fully perſuaded, there are many in this Day true ſpiritual 'Worſhippers in all Perſuaſions.

Biſhop. But you will not give us the ſame Liberty you give a common Mechanick to call our Tools by the ſame Names.

John Roberts. *I deſire thee to explain thyſelf.*

Biſhop. Why, you will give a Carpenter Leave to call his Gimlet a Gimlet, and his Gouge a Gouge; but you call our Church a Maſs-houſe.

John Roberts. *I wiſh you were half ſo honeſt Men as Carpenters.*

Biſhop. Why do you upbraid us!

John Roberts. 'I would not upbraid you; but I'll en-'deavour to ſhew thee wherein you fall ſhort of Carpenters. 'Suppoſe I have a Son intended to learn the Trade of a Car-'penter; I indent with an honeſt Man of that Calling, in Con-'ſideration of ſo much Money, to teach my Son his Trade 'in ſuch a Term of Years; at the End of which Term my 'Son may be as good, or perhaps a better Workman than 'his Maſter, and he ſhall be at Liberty from him to follow 'the Buſineſs for himſelf. Now, will you be ſo honeſt as 'this Carpenter? You are Men who pretend to know more 'of Light, Life, and Salvation, and Things pertaining to 'the Kingdom of Heaven, than we do. I would aſk in 'how long a Time you would undertake to teach us as 'much as you know, and what ſhall we give you, that we 'may be once free from our Maſters? But here you keep us 'always learning that we may be always paying you. 'Plainly 'tis a very Cheat. What! always learning and 'never able to come to the Knowledge of God! Mi-'ſerable Sinners you found us, and miſerable Sinners you leave us!

Biſhop. Are you againſt Confeſſion?

John Roberts. 'No. For I believe thoſe who confeſs 'and forſake their Sins ſhall find Mercy at the Hand of 'God; but thoſe who perſiſt in them ſhall be puniſh'd. But 'if ever you intend to be better, you muſt throw away your

'for, if you keep on in your old Leſſon, you muſt always 'be doing what you ought not, and leaving undone what 'ye ought to do; and you can never do worſe. I believe, 'in my Heart, you mock God.

Biſhop. How, dare you ſay?

John Roberts. 'I'll ſtate the Caſe, and thou ſhalt judge. 'Suppoſe thou had'ſt a Son, and thou ſhould'ſt daily let him 'know what thou would'ſt have him do, and he ſhould, 'Day by Day, Week by Week, and Year after Year, pro-'voke thee to thy Face, and ſay, Father, I have not done 'what thou commandeſt me to do; but have done quite 'the contrary; and continue to provoke thee to thy Face in 'this Manner once or oftner every Week, would'ſt thou 'not think him a rebellious Child, and that his Application 'to thee was meer Mockery, and would it not occaſion thee 'to diſinherit him?' After ſome more Diſcourſe, my Father told him Time was far ſpent; and ſaid he, 'If nothing will 'ſerve thee but my Body in a Priſon, here it is in thy Power; 'and if thou commandeſt me to deliver myſelf up, either to 'the Sheriff, or to the Jailor of *Glouceſter* Caſtle, as thy 'Priſoner, I will go, and ſeek no other Judge, Advocate, 'or Attorney, to plead my Cauſe, but the Great Judge of 'Heaven and Earth, who knows I have nothing but Love 'and Goodwill in my Heart to thee and all Mankind.

Biſhop. No; you ſhall go home about your Buſineſs.

John Roberts. 'Then I deſire thee for the future not to 'trouble thyſelf to ſend any more Bailiffs after me; for if 'thou pleaſeſt at any Time to let me know, by a Line or 'two, that thou would'ſt ſpeak with me, tho' it be to ſend 'me to Priſon, if I am well and able, I'll come,'

The Biſhop then call'd for ſomething to drink; but my Father acknowledged his Kindneſs, and excuſed himſelf from drinking. And the Biſhop being called out of the Room, one *Cuthbert*, who took Offence at my Father's Freedom with the Biſhop, ſaid, '*Haywood*, you're afraid of nothing; 'I never met with ſuch a Man in my Life. I'm afraid of 'my Life, leſt ſuch Fanaticks as you ſhould cut my Throat 'as I ſleep.

John Roberts. *I don't wonder that thou art afraid.*

Cuthbert. Why ſhould I be afraid any more than you?

John Roberts. 'Becauſe I am under the Protection of 'Him who numbereth the very Hairs of my Head, and

' without whoſe Providence a Sparrow ſhall not fall to the ' Ground; but thou haſt *Cain*'s Mark of Envy on thy Fore-' head, and like him art afraid whoever meets thee ſhould ' kill thee.'

Cuthbert [in a great Rage.] If all the Quakers in *England* are not hang'd in a Month's Time, I'll be hang'd for 'em.

John Roberts [ſmiling]. *Prethee, Friend, remember, and be as good as thy Word.*

My Father and his Friend *Amariah Drewet* then took their Leave, and returned home with the Anſwer of Peace in their Boſoms.

Some Time after this, the Biſhop and the Chancellor in their Coaches, accompained with *Tho. Maſters*, Eſq; in his Coach, and about twenty Clergymen on Horſeback, made my Father's Houſe in their Way to the Viſitation, which was to be at *Tedbury* the next Day. They ſtopped at the Gate, and *George Evans*, the Biſhop's Kinſman, rode into the Yard, to call my Father; who coming to the Biſhop's Coach Side, he put out his Hand, (which my Father reſpectfully took) ſaying, ' I could not well go out of the County ' without ſeeing you.' *That's very kind*, ſaid my Father: *Wilt thou pleaſe to alight and come in, with theſe who are along thee?*

Biſhop. I thank you, *John*; we are going to *Tedbury*, and Time will not admit of it now; but I will drink with you, if you pleaſe.

My Father went in, and order'd ſome Drink to be brought, and then return'd to the Coach Side.

Geo. Evans. John, is your Houſe free to entertain ſuch Men as we are?

John Roberts. *Yes, George; I entertain honeſt Men, and ſometimes others.*

Geo. Evans [to the Biſhop]. My Lord, *John*'s *Friends* are the honeſt Men, and we are the others.

John Roberts. *That's not fair*, George, *for thee to put thy Conſtruction upon my Words: Thou ſhould'ſt have given me Leave to do that.*

'Squire *Maſters* came out of his Coach, and ſtood by the Biſhop's Coach Side; and the Chancellor, in a diverting Humour, ſaid to my Father, ' My Lord and theſe ' Gentlemen have been to ſee your Burying-Ground, and

' we

' we think you keep it very decent.' [This Piece of Ground my Father had given to *Friends* for that Purpoſe; it lay at the lower End of his Orchard.] My Father anſwered, *Yes*; *tho' we are againſt Pride, we think it commendable to be decent.*

Chancellor. But there is one Thing among you, which I did not expect to ſee; I think it looks a little ſuperſtitious; I mean thoſe Grave-Stones which are placed at the Head and Feet of your Graves.

John Roberts. ' That I confeſs is what I cannot much ' plead for; but it was permitted to gratify ſome who had ' their Relations there interred. We, notwithſtanding, pro- ' poſe to have them taken up e'er long, and converted to ſome ' better Uſe. But I deſire thee to take Notice, we had ' it from among you, and I have obſerved in many Things ' wherein we have taken you for our Pattern you have led ' us wrong; and therefore we are now reſolved, with the ' Help of GOD, not to follow you one Step further.

At this the Biſhop ſmil'd, and ſaid, *John*, I think your Beer is long a coming.

John Roberts. *I ſuppoſe my Wife is willing thou ſhoul'ſt have the beſt, and therefore ſtays to broach a freſh Veſſel.*

Biſhop, Nay, if it be for the beſt, we'll ſtay.

Preſently my Mother brought the Drink, and when the Biſhop had drank, he ſaid, I commend you, *John*, you keep a Cup of good Beer in your Houſe. I have not drank any that has pleaſed me better ſince I came from home. The Chancellor drank next; and the Cup coming round again to my Father's Hand, 'Squire *Maſters* ſaid to him, Now, old School-fellow, I hope you'll drink to me.

John Roberts. *Thou know'ſt it is not my Practice to drink to any Man; if it was, I wou'd as ſoon drink to thee as another, as being my old Acquaintance and School-fellow; but if thou art pleaſed to drink, thou art very welcome.*

The 'Squire then taking the Cup into his Hand ſaid, Now, *John*, before my Lord and all thoſe Gentlemen tell me what Ceremony or Compliment do you Quakers uſe when you drink to one another.

John Roberts. *None at all. For me to drink to another, and drink the Liquor, is at beſt but a Compliment, and that borders much on a Lye.*

'*Squire* Maſters. What do you do then?

John Roberts. *Why, if I have a Mind to drink, I take the Cup and drink; and if my Friend pleaſes, he does the ſame; if not, he may let it alone*

'*Squire* Maſters. Honeſt *John*, give me thy Hand, Here's to thee with all my Heart; and, according to thy own Compliment, if thou wilt drink thou may'ſt, if not thou may'ſt let it alone.

My Father then offering the Cup to Prieſt *Bull*, he refus'd it, ſaying it was full of Hops and Hereſy. To which my Father reply'd, 'As for Hops I cannot ſay much, not 'being at the Brewing of it; but as for Hereſy, I do aſſure 'thee, Neighbour *Bull*, there's none in my Beer; and if 'thou pleaſeſt to drink thou art welcome; but if not, I de-'ſire thee to take Notice, as good as thee will, and thoſe 'are as well able to judge of Hereſy. Here thy Lord Bi-'ſhop hath drank of it, and commends it; he finds no Hereſy in the Cup.

Biſhop. [leaning over the Coach Door, and whiſpering to my Father, ſaid] *John*, I adviſe you to take Care you don't offend againſt the Higher Powers. I have heard great Complaints againſt you, that *You* are the Ringleader of the Quakers in this Country; and that if you are not ſuppreſs'd all will ſignify nothing. Therefore, pray *John*, take Care for the future you don't offend any more.

John Roberts. 'I like thy Counſel very well, and intend 'to take it. But thou know'ſt God is the Higher Power; 'and you mortal Men, however advanced in this World, 'are but the lower Power; and it is only becauſe I endea-'vour to be obedient to the Will of the Higher Powers, 'that the lower Powers are angry with me. But I hope, 'with the Aſſiſtance of God, to take thy Counſel, and be 'ſubject to the Higher Powers, let the lower Powers do 'with me as it may pleaſe God to ſuffer them.

Biſhop. I want ſome more Diſcourſe with you. Will you go with me to Mr. *Bull*'s?

John Roberts. *Thou knoweſt he hath no Goodwill for me. I had rather attend on thee elſewhere.*

Biſhop. Will you come To-morrow to *Tedbury*?

John Roberts. *Yes if thou deſireſt it.*

Biſhop. Well, I do. The Biſhop then took his Leave, and went not to *George Bull*'s, at which he was very much offended.

Next

Next Morning my Father took his Son *Nathaniel* with him, in Caſe the Biſhop (in Compliance with the violent Clamours of the Prieſts) ſhould ſend him to Priſon, which he expected. As they were paſſing along a Street in *Tedbury*, they were met by *Anthony Sharpe*, of *Ireland*, whoſe Mother lived at *Tedbury*. After he underſtood by my Father where he was going, he aſk'd him if he would accept of a Companion? *If thou haſt a Mind to go to Priſon*, ſays my Father, *thou may'ſt go with me*. I'll venture that (reply'd *Anthony*); for if I do I ſhall have good Company. When they came to the Foot of the Stairs which led up to the Biſhop's Chamber, they were eſpy'd by *George Evans*, who ſaid, Come up, *John*; my Lord thought you long. When they came up the Biſhop was juſt ſitting down to Dinner, with a Number of Clergymen; and offering to make Room for my Father, he excus'd himſelf, and retired with his Friend 'till Dinner was over. The Biſhop ſpoke to the Womam of the Houſe for another Room, which (it being Market-day) was ſoon fill'd with Prieſts and Clothiers, *&c.*

Biſhop. (putting on a ſtern Countenance) ſaid, Come, *John*, I muſt turn over a new Leaf with you. If you will not promiſe me to go to Church, and to keep no more of theſe ſeditious Conventicles at your Houſe, I muſt make your Mittimus, and ſend you to Priſon.

John Roberts. 'Would'ſt thou have me ſhut my Doors 'againſt my Friends? It was but Yeſterday that thou thy-'ſelf, and many others here preſent, were at my Houſe; 'and I was ſo far from ſhutting my Doors againſt you, that 'I invited you in, and you ſhou'd have been welcome to 'the beſt Entertainment I had.

Biſhop. It is thoſe *Meettings* I ſpeak of which you keep at your Houſe, to the Terror of the Country.

John Roberts. 'This I'll promiſe thee before all this 'Company, that if any Plotters or ill-minded Perſons come 'to my Houſe, to plot or conſpire againſt the King or Go-'vernment, if I know it, I'll be the firſt Informer againſt 'them myſelf, tho' I have not a Penny for my Labour. 'But if honeſt and ſober People come to my Houſe, to 'wait upon and worſhip the GOD of Heaven, in Spirit and 'in Truth, ſuch ſhall be welcome to me as long as I have

'a Houſe for 'em to meet in; and if I ſhould have none, 'the LORD will provide one for 'em.

Biſhop. Will you promiſe to go to your own Pariſh-Church to hear Divine Service?

John Roberts. 'I can promiſe no ſuch Thing. The laſt 'Time I was there, I was moved and required of the LORD, 'whom I ſerve, to bear my Teſtimony againſt a hireling 'Prieſt, who was preaching for Hire and divining for Money; 'and he was angry with me, and cauſed the People to turn 'me out. And I don't intend to trouble him again till 'he learn more Civility, except the LORD require it of me.

Biſhop. Send for the Conſtable: I muſt take another Courſe.

John Roberts. 'If thou ſhould'ſt come to my Houſe un-'der a Pretence of Friendſhip, and, in a *Judas*-like Man-'ner, betray me hither to ſend me to Priſon, as I have 'hitherto commended thee for thy Moderation, I ſhould 'then have Occaſion to put thy Name in Print, and cauſe 'it to ſtink before all ſober People. But it is thoſe who ſet 'thee on to Miſchief. I would not have thee hearken to 'em, but bid 'em take up ſome honeſt Vocation, and rob 'their honeſt Neighbours no longer. They are like a 'Company of Caterpillars who deſtroy the Fruits of the 'Earth, and live on the Fruits of other Mens Labours.

Then Prieſt *Rich*, of *North-Sarray*, ſaid, Who are thoſe you call Caterpillars?

John Roberts. 'We Husbandmen call them Caterpillars, 'who live on the Fruits of other Mens Fields, and on the 'Sweat of other Mens Brows. And if thou doſt ſo, thou 'may'ſt be one of them.

Rich. May it pleaſe Your Lordſhip, if *you* ſuffer ſuch a Man as this to *Thou* Your Lordſhip, and call You *Old-Man*, what will become of *us*?

John Roberts. 'We honour Old Age, if it be found in 'the Way of Well-doing; but one would not think you 'ſhould be ſuch Dunces as to forget Grammar Rules. You 'bred up at *Oxford* and *Cambridge*! For What? I, that 'am a Layman, and bred up at Plow-Tail, underſtand the 'Singular and Plural Numbers. *Thee* and *Thou* is proper 'to a ſingle Perſon, if it be to a Prince: Thou know'ſt it, 'Old Man. What! have you forgot your Prayers? Is it 'You, O LORD, or *Thou*, O LORD, in your Prayers? Will

'you not accept the ſame Language from your Fellow Mor-
'tals, which you give to the ALMIGHTY? What Spirit
'was that in proud *Haman* that would have poor *Mordecai*
'to bow to Him?

Biſhop. This won't do. Make their Mittimus's. What's your Name?

Anthony Sharp. My Name is *Anthony Sharp.*

Biſhop. Where do you live?

Anthony Sharp. At *Dublin*, in the Kingdom of *Ireland.*

Biſhop. What's your Buſineſs here?

Anthony Sharp. My Mother lives in this Town: And as ſhe is ſuch, and an ancient Woman, I thought it my Duty to come and ſee her.

John Roberts. *He only came hither in Goodwill to bear me Company. If thou pleaſe, lay the more on me, and let him go free.*

Biſhop. No; he may be as dangerous a Perſon as yourſelf; and as you came for Company, you ſhall go for Company. Send for the Conſtable to take them into Cuſtody.

The Woman of the Houſe, underſtanding the Conſtable was to be ſent for, diſpatch'd a Meſſenger to him, to bid him get out of the Way. But the Meſſenger miſſing him, he came to the Houſe by Accident. To whom the Landlady ſaid, What do you here, when honeſt *John Haywood* is going to be ſent to Priſon? Here, come along with me. The Conſtable being willing, ſhe conceal'd him in another Room, and the Biſhop's Meſſenger bringing him Word that the Conſtable was not to be found, he ſaid to my Father: ——

Biſhop. Here are many Gentlemen who have a great Way home, and I can ſend you to Priſon in the Afternoon; ſo you may take your Liberty till Six a Clock.

My Father perceiv'd his Intent was to get rid of his Company. So he withdrew, with his Friend *Anthony Sharp*; and at Six a Clock returned without him, and found only Two Perſons with him, *i. e. Edward Barnet*, a Surgeon, of *Cockerton*, and Parſon *Hall*.

Biſhop. So, *John*, you are come. 'Tis well; I want ſome more Diſcourſe with you.

Parſon Hall. An't pleaſe you, my Lord, let me diſcourſe him.

Biſhop. Ay, do Mr. *Hall*, *John* will give you an Anſwer.

Parſon Hall. 'Tis a great Pity ſuch Men as you ſhould have the Light, Sight, and Knowledge of the Scriptures; for the Knowledge of the Scriptures hath made you mad.

John Roberts. 'Why ſhould I not have the Privilege of 'buying the Scriptures for my Money as well as thee or any 'other Man. But you Prieſts, like the Papiſts, would have 'us Laymen kept in Ignorance, that we might pin our 'Faith on your Sleeves; and ſo the Blind lead the Blind 'till 'both fall into the Ditch. But if the Knowledge of the 'Scriptures hath made me mad, the Knowledge of the Sack-'pot hath almoſt made thee mad; and if we Two Madmen 'ſhould diſpute about Religion, we ſhould make mad Work 'of it. But, as thou art an unworthy Man, I'll not diſpute 'with thee.

Parſon Hall. An't pleaſe you, my Lord, he ſays I'm drunk.

John Roberts. *Wilt thou ſpeak an Untruth before thy Lord-Biſhop.*

Parſon Hall. He did ſay I was drunk, my Lord.

Biſhop. What did you ſay, *John?* I'll believe you.

My Father repeating what he ſaid before, the Biſhop held up his Hands, and (ſmiling) ſaid, 'Did you ſay ſo, '*John?*' By which *Hall* perceiving the Biſhop did not incline to favour him, went away in a Huff. The Biſhop then directing his Diſcourſe to my Father, ſaid, '*John*, 'I thought you dealt hardly with me To-day, in telling 'me, before ſo many Gentlemen, that I came to your 'Houſe in a *Judas*-like Manner, and betray'd you hither 'to ſend you to Priſon; for if I had not done what I did, 'People would have reported me an Encourager of the 'Quakers.'

John Roberts. *If they had, it would have been no Diſcredit to thee.*

Biſhop. Come now, *John*, I'll burn your Mittimus's before your Face. And now, Mr. *Barnet*, I have a Mind to aſk *John* ſome Queſtions. *John*, I have heard Mr. *Bull* ſay ſtrange Things of you: That you can tell where to find any Thing that's loſt as well as any Cunning Man. But I deſire to hear it from your own Mouth. 'Twas a-

bout ſome Cows that a Neighbour had loſt, and could no where find them, 'till they apply'd to you.

John Roberts. *If thou pleaſeſt to hear me, I'll tell thee the Truth of that Story.*

Biſhop. Pray do; I ſhall believe you, *John.*

John Roberts. 'I had a poor Neighbour, who had a 'Wife and Six Children, and whom the Chief Men about 'us permitted to keep Six or Seven Cows upon the Waſte, 'which were the principal Support of his Family, and pre-'ſerv'd 'em from becoming chargable to the Pariſh. One 'very ſtormy Night the Cattle were left in the Yard, as 'uſual; but could not be found in the Morning. The Man 'and his Sons had ſought 'em to no Purpoſe: And after 'they had been loſt 4 Days, his Wife came to me, and, in 'a great Deal of Grief, cry'd,' O Lord! Maſter *Haywood*, we are undone! My Huſband and I muſt go a begging in our Old Age! We have loſt all our Cows! My Huſband and the Boys have been round the Country, and can hear nothing of them, I'll down on my bear Knees if you'll ſtand our Friend! 'I deſired ſhe would not be in ſuch an Agony, and 'told her ſhe ſhould not down on her Knees to me; but I 'would gladly help them in what I could. I know, *ſaid ſhe*, you are a good Man, and God will hear your Prayers. I de-'ſire thee (ſaid I) to be ſtill and quiet in thy Mind; perhaps 'thy Huſband or Sons may hear of 'em To-day: If not, 'let thy Huſband get a Horſe, and come to me To-morrow 'Morning as ſoon as he will; and I think, if it pleaſe God, 'to go with him to ſeek 'em. The Woman ſeem'd tran-'ſported with Joy, crying, *Then we ſhall have our Cows a-gain!* 'Her Faith being ſo ſtrong, brought the greater Ex-'erciſe on me with ſtrong Cries to the Lord, that he would 'be pleaſed to make me inſtrumental in his Hand, for the 'Help of the poor Family. In the Morning early comes 'the Old Man. In the Name of God, *ſays he*, which Way ſhall we go to ſeek 'em? 'I being deeply concerned in my 'Mind, did not anſwer him 'till he had thrice repeated it; 'and then I anſwered, in the Name of God I would go 'to ſeek them, and ſaid (before I was aware) we will go to '*Malmſbury*, and at the Horſe Fair we ſhall find them. 'When I had ſpoken the Words, I was much troubled leſt 'they ſhould not prove true. It was very early, and the 'firſt Man we ſaw, I aſk'd him if he had ſeen any ſtray

'Milch Cows thereabout? *What Manner of Cattle are they* 'ſaid he? And the Old Man deſcribing their Marks and 'Number, he told us there were ſome ſtood chewing their 'Cuds in their Horſe Fair; but thinking they belonged to 'ſome in the Neighbourhood, he did not take particular 'Notice of them. When we came to the Place, the Old 'Man found 'em to be his; but ſuffered his Tranſports of 'Joy to riſe ſo high, that I was aſhamed of his Behaviour; 'for he fell a hollowing, and threw up his Mounteir Cap 'in the Air ſeveral Times, 'till he rais'd the Neighbours 'out of their Beds to ſee what was the Matter.' O! ſaid he, *I had loſt my Cows four or five Days ago, and thought I ſhould never ſee them again; and this honeſt Neighbour of mine told me this Morning by his own Fire Side, Nine Miles off, that here I ſhould find them, and here I have them!* 'Then up 'goes his Cap again. I begg'd of the poor Man to be 'quiet, and take his Cows home, and be thankful, as in-'deed I was, being reverently bowed in my Spirit before the 'LORD, in that he was pleaſed to put the Words of Truth 'into my Mouth. And the Man drove his Cattle home, 'to the great Joy of his Family.

Biſhop. I remember another Mr. *Bull* told me, about a Parcel of Sheep a Neighbour had loſt, and you told him where to find 'em.

John Roberts. 'The Truth of the Story is this: A 'Neighbour of mine, one *John Curtis*, (at that Time a 'Domeſtick of *George Bull*'s) kept ſome Sheep of his own; 'and it ſo fell out, that he loſt 'em for ſome Days; but 'happening to ſee me, and knowing I went pretty much 'abroad, he deſired me, if I ſhould ſee 'em any where in 'my Travels, to let him know it. It happened the next 'Day, as I was riding towards my own Field, my Dogs 'being with me, put up a Hare, and ſeeing they were like-'ly to kill her, I rode up to take them off, that ſhe might 'eſcape, and, by meer Accident, I eſpy'd *J. Curtis*'s Sheep 'in one Corner of the Field, in a thick briary Part of the 'Hedge, wherein they ſtood as ſecure as if they had been 'in a Pound. I ſuppoſe they had been driven thither by 'the Hounds. When I came home I ſent him Word of it, And tho' this is no more than a common Accident, I find *George Bull* hath endeavoured to improve it to my Diſad-vantage.

Biſhop.

Biſhop. I remember one Story more he told me, about a Horſe.

John Roberts. 'If I ſhan't tire thy Patience, I'll acquaint 'thee how that was. One *Edward Symons* came from *London*, to ſee his Parents at *Siddington*. They put his Horſe 'to Graſs, in ſome Ground, with their own, beyond a Part 'of mine, call'd the *Furſen Leaſes*, thro' which they went 'with the Horſe; and when they wanted to take him from 'Graſs they could not find him. After he had been loſt 'ſome Time, and they had cry'd him at ſeveral Market-'Towns, ſomebody (who, 'tis likely, might have heard the 'former Stories told, as thou might'ſt hear them) directed 'this *Edward Symons* to me, who telling me the Caſe, I 'aſk'd him which Way they had the Horſe to Graſs? He 'anſwer'd, thro' the *Furſen-Leaſes*. I anſwer'd, The Horſe 'being a Stranger in the Place, 'tis very likely he might 'endeavour to bend homewards, and loſe himſelf in the '*Furſen Leaſes*; for there are a great many Acres belong-'ing to me and others under that Name, which are ſo o-'vergrown with Furſe Buſhes, that a Horſe may lye there 'concealed a long Time. I therefore adviſed him to get a 'good deal of Company, and ſearch the Places diligently, 'as if they were beating for a Hare; which if he did, I 'told him I was of the Mind he would find him. The 'Man did take my Advice, and found him. And where's 'the Cunning of all this? 'Tis no more than their own 'Reaſon might have directed them to, had they properly 'conſider'd the Caſe.'

Biſhop. I wanted to hear theſe Stories from your own Mouth, tho' I did not, nor ſhould have credited them, in the Senſe Mr. *Bull* related them. But I believe you, *John*. And now, Mr. *Barnet*, we'll aſk *John* ſome ſerious Queſtions. I can compare him to nothing but a good Ring of Bells. You know, Mr. *Barnet*, a Ring of Bells may be made of as good Mettal as can be put into Bells; but they may be out of Tune: So we may ſay of *John*; he's a Man of as good Mettal as I ever met with; but he's quite out of Tune.

John Roberts. *Thou may'ſt well ſay ſo; for I can't tune after thy Pipe.*

Biſhop. Well, *John*, I remember to have read, At the

Preaching of the Apoſtle the Heart of *Lydia* was open'd. Can you tell us what it was that open'd *Lydia*'s Heart?

John Roberts. *I believe I can?*

Biſhop. I thought ſo. I deſire you to do it.

John Roberts. *It was nothing but the Key of* David.

Biſhop. Nay, now *John*, I think you are going wrong.

John Roberts. *If thou pleaſeſt to ſpeak I'll hear thee; but if thou would'ſt have me ſpeak, I deſire thee to hear me.*

Biſhop. Come, Mr. *Barnet*, we'll hear *John*.

John Roberts. 'It is written, Thou haſt the Key of *David*, which opens and none can ſhut; and if thou ſhutt'ſt none can open. And that is no other but the Spirit of our LORD JESUS CHRIST. It was the ſame ſpiritual Key that open'd the Heart of *Moſes*, the firſt Penman of the Scripture, and gave him a Sight of Things from the Beginning. It was the ſame ſpiritual Key that open'd the Hearts of all the Holy Patriarchs, Prophets, and Apoſtles, in Ages paſt, who left their Experience of the Things of GOD upon Record: Which if they had not done, you Biſhops and Prieſts would not have had any Thing to make a Trade of; for it is by telling the Experience of theſe holy Men, that you get your great Biſhopricks and Parſonages; and the ſame ſpiritual Key hath, bleſſed be GOD, open'd the Hearts of Thouſands in this Age; and the ſame ſpiritual Key hath, in a meaſure, open'd my Heart, and given me to diſtinguiſh Things that differ. And it muſt be the ſame that muſt open thy Heart, if ever thou comeſt to have it truly opened.

Biſhop. It is the Truth, the very Truth. I never heard it ſo defined before. *John*, I have done you much Wrong: I deſire you to forgive me; and I'll never wrong you more.

John Roberts. 'I do heartily forgive thee, as far as it is in my Power; and I truly pray the Father of Mercies may forgive thee, and make thee his. As to the latter Part, that thou wilt never wrong me more, I am of the ſame Mind with thee; for it is in my Heart to tell thee, I ſhall never ſee thy Face any more!

Biſhop. I have heard you once told the Jailor of *Glouceſter* ſo, and it proved true.

John Roberts. 'That Jailor had been very cruel to me, and the reſt of our *Friends*, who were then Priſoners. He

'had

'had kept us in the Priſon from the Seſſion to the Aſſize, 'and from the Aſſize to the Seſſion, omitting to put our 'Names in the Calendar, that we might have had a Hear-'ing. At length I found Means, at an Aſſize Time, 'to acquaint the Judge (by Letter) of his illegal Proceed-'ings. In Conſequence of which we were ordered to be 'put on the Calendar, had a Hearing, and were acquitted. 'The Judge ſeverely reprimanded the Jailor, ſaying, *Sir-rah! if ever I hear that you do the like for the future, I'll take Care that you ſhall be Jailor here no longer. Shall I come here to hear and determine Cauſes, and ſhall you keep Men in Priſon during your Pleaſure, and not put their Names in the Calendar?* The Jailor coming out of the Court was heard by the Turnkey to ſay, *'Twas along of* Haywood *that I was ſo ſeverely reprimanded by the Judge; and if ever he come into the Caſtle again, he ſhall never come out alive.* Upon which the Turnkey took an Opportunity to find me out, and informing me of it further ſaid, *I wou'd not have you by any Means come back to the Caſtle To-night, to fetch any of your Things; for if you do he'll certainly detain you for his Fees. I'll take equal Care of your Things as if you yourſelf were preſent to do it.* I acknowledged his Kindneſs, and went home. *When the Jailor returned to the Caſtle, he aſk'd the Turnkey where the Quakers were? He anſwer'd, he thought it his Buſineſs to take care of the Felons, and to leave the Quakers to him. Not long after, being Conſtable, I ſecured a Felon who broke out of the Caſtle, and ſent the Turnkey Notice of it. He coming over to fetch him back, begg'd, if by any Means I could prevent it, that I would not come any more a Priſoner to the Caſtle while his Maſter was Jailor;* For, *ſays he,* if you do, he ſwears you ſhall never go out alive; and that Hour you come in I'll leave the Caſtle; for I can't ſtay there to ſee you abuſed. *Does he ſtill ſay ſo? ſaid I.* Yes, he does, *ſaid he. Then remember me to him, ſaid I, and tell him from me, I ſhall never ſee his Face any more. Soon after it pleaſed* God *to take him away by Death; and in a little Time I was had Priſoner there again.*

This was the laſt Conference my Father had with the Biſhop, who died ſoon after.

Some Time after our *Friends* having been kept out of their Meeting-houſe at *Cirenceſter*, a conſiderable Time, had continued to meet in the Street. But Orders being

given one Day to permit them to meet in the Houſe, they did; and while *Theophila Townſend* was in Prayer, the Biſhop (Succeſſor to Biſhop *Nicholſon*) Sir *John Guiſe*, *Wm. Burcher of Barnſley*, Juſtice of Peace, with a great Company attending them, came in. The Biſhop laid his Hand on *Theophila*'s Head, ſaying, *Enough, good Woman, Enough; deſiſt, deſiſt.* When ſhe had done, *Richard Bowley*, of *Cirenceſter*, went to Prayer. And when he had done Sir *John Guiſe* aſk'd his Name.

R. Bowley. My Name is *Richard Bowley.*

Sir *J. Guiſe.* Where do you live?

Rich Bowley. In this Town.

Sir *J. Guiſe* What Trade are you?

Rich. Bowley. A Malſter.

Sir *J. Guiſe.* Set down *Rich. Bowley* 20l. for Preaching. Whoſe Houſe is this?

John Roberts. *This Houſe hath many Owners.*

Sir *J. Guiſe.* But who is the Landlord?

John Roberts. *One who is able to give us a quiet Poſſeſſion of it.*

Sir *J. Guiſe.* I demand of you who is the Landlord of it?

John Roberts. *The King is our Landlord.*

Sir *J. Guiſe.* How is the King your Landlord?

John Roberts. *It is the King's Land, and we pay the King's Auditors. And we are not only his peaceable Subjects, but alſo his good Tenants, who pay him his Rent. Therefore we have Reaſon to hope he will give us a peaceable Poſſeſſion of our Bargain.*

Sir *J. Guiſe.* Who pays the King's Auditors?

Rich. Bowley. I do.

Sir *J. Guiſe.* Set down *Rich. Bowley* 20 l. for the Houſe.

John Roberts. *Who is that* [ſpeaking to the other Juſtices] *who is ſo forward to take Names, and levy Fines?*

Juſtice *Burcher.* Don't you know him? 'Tis Sir *J. Guiſe.*

Sir *J. Guiſe.* What's that to you? What's *your* Name?

John Roberts. *I'm not aſham'd of my Name. But if thy Name be* John Guiſe, *I knew thy Father by a very remarkable Incident: And I would have thee take Warning by thy Father.* —A Word to the Wiſe is ſufficient.

Sir

Sir *J. Guiſe.* Here, Conſtable, take this Fellow, and lay him by the Heels. He affronts me.

John Roberts. *My Heels, Man! Fear and dread the living* GOD: *I am not afraid of being laid by the Heels.* The Conſtable not being forward to obey his Orders, he took my Father by one Arm, and bid the Conſtable take him by the other. So they led him into the Street, and bid him go out about his Buſineſs. *I am about my Buſineſs,* ſaid my Father: And, on their going in again, my Father follow'd them.

Sir *J. Guiſe. Haywood,* I thought I had you out. What do you here again?

John Roberts. *I come to ſee how thou behaveſt among my Friends, and if thou doſt not behave thyſelf well, I ſhall make bold to tell thee of it.*

Sir *J. Guiſe.* I command you, in the King's Name, to go out again.

John Roberts. *If thou pleaſeſt to go out firſt, I'll follow.*

With ſome Pains he got all the Friends out of the Houſe, and order'd all the Forms to be brought out into the Street. Which was done. On which my Father ſaid, *The Seats are our own, and we may as well ſit as ſtand.* So the Friends ſat down: But preſently after they were broke up and diſpers'd.——Not long after *John Timbrel,* a Friend of *Cirenceſter,* wrote to Juſtice *Burcher,* and told him (amongſt other Things) he had 'till then a better Opinion of him than to think he would ſet his Hand to ſuch a Work; and that he was ſorry he ſhould be one in it. Sir *John,* being acquainted with it by Juſtice *Burcher,* ſent out a Special Warrant againſt *John Timbrel.* The Conſtable who had it to ſerve was ſo civil to inform him of it, and tell him that he would not ſerve it on him 'till his Market was over. However, he left his Market, came to my Father, told him of the Warrant, and aſk'd his Advice. My Father adviſed him not to ſtay for the Serving of the Warrant, but go directly to Sir *John.* He engaging my Father to accompany him, away they went. When they came before Sir *John, John Timbrel,* ſaid, 'I heard thou hadſt ſent out a Warrant to bring me before thee. But I choſe rather to come without it.

Sir *John.* What's your Name?

J. Timb. My Name is *John Timbrel.*

Sir

Sir *John.* Are you that ſaucy pragmatic Fellow that wrote to Mr. *Burcher*, to deter him from executing the King's Laws?

J. Timb. 'I did write a Letter to *Wm. Burcher.*

Sir *John.* Then you deſerve a Stone Doublet.

J. Timb. 'Haſt thou ſeen the Letter?

Sir *John.* No, but I have had an Account of it.

J. Roberts. *Then, tho' thou art a Young Man, I deſire thee to ſhew thyſelf ſo much a wiſe Man as not to condemn any Thing thou haſt not ſeen. I have ſeen a Copy of it, and think there is a great deal of good Advice in it; and I wiſh both thee and* Wm. Burcher *were ſo wiſe as to take it.*

Sir *John.* I thought you were the Writer or Inditer of it, tho' *Timbrel*'s Name was to it.

John Roberts. *No, I was not. I knew nothing of it 'till after 'twas ſent.*

Sir *John.* But I remember you affronted me t'other Day before a great Number of People concerning my Father. Pray what do you know of my Father?

John Roberts. 'Sometime ago, ſeveral of my Friends 'being met, together with me, in a peaceable Manner, 'to worſhip God, at *Stoke Orchard*, thy Father came in 'with a File of Muſqeteers at his Heels, and beat and 'abus'd us very much. I then warn'd him in abundance 'of Love. Yet he did not ſeem to regard it, but ſent 'about 12 of us to *Glouceſter* Caſtle. I then told him God 'would plead our Cauſe with him. And I was credibly 'inform'd, that (not the very Night, but) the next Night 'after, he went to Bed as well in Appearance as uſual; 'but, in the Morning, he not ringing a certain Bell, which 'he had by him for that purpoſe, at the Time he us'd to 'do, his Houſe-keeper went up ſeveral Times, and thought 'he was aſleep. But at length, ſuſpecting ſomething more 'than ordinary, ſhe made a cloſer Inſpection; and, per-'ceiving his Countenance chang'd, ſhe threw open the 'Curtains in a great Surprize. On which, he juſt flaſh'd 'open his Eyes, but ſaid not a Word. She aſk'd him how 'he did? but he made no anſwer. Which made her cry 'more earneſtly, *Pray, Sir, how do you do? How is it with you? For* God's *ſake tell me.* And all he ſaid to her was, *Oh! theſe Quakers! oh! theſe Quakers! Would to*

God *I had never had a Hand againſt theſe Quakers!* I did not hear that ever he ſpoke more

Sir *John* ſeem'd ſurpris'd at this Relation, and did not contradict it in the leaſt; which, it is reaſonable to think, he would, and with Reſentment too, had it not been true. Yet notwithſtanding this fair Warning, he continued his Practice of granting Warrants againſt us. But the Officers were generally ſo civil as to acquaint us with it in Time. Some Time after this, Sir *J. Guiſe* and Sir *Rob. Atkins*, being at *Perrot's Brook*, Two Miles from *Cirenceſter*, quarrell'd as they were Gaming. Sir *John* drew his Sword, and demanded Satisfaction. But thoſe in the Houſe ſtepp'd between them and parted them. They ſeeming to appear pacified, ſat down to play again. But afterwards, taking a Walk together in the Bowling-green, the Breaſt of Sir *John* being ſtill fill'd with Reſentment, he ſaid, Sir *Robert*, you gave me the *Lie*; and I will have Satisfaction.

Sir Robert. *If I have ſaid any Thing more than is common for Gentlemen to ſay to each other in their Play, betwixt you and I, I aſk your Pardon.*

Sir *John*. 'If you'll go in, and aſk it before the People of the Houſe, I will put it up; otherwiſe I will not.

Sir *Robert*. *No, Sir* John; *that's beneath me.*

Sir *John*. 'Then draw, or you ſhall die like a Dog.—They both drew; and Sir *Robert* gave him a gentle Prick in the Arm, and ſaid, *I deſire you, Sir* John, *to take that for Satisfaction. I could have had you elſwhere; but was unwilling to do you further Miſchief.*

Sir *John*. 'I'll kill, or be kill'd!

Sir *Robert*. *If that be your Mind, look to your Self as well as you can; for I ſhall have you at next Paſs.*—And ſo he had; for he ran him through, in at the Belly, and out at the Back; on which he fell. Sir *Robert* ſtepp'd up to him, unbutton'd his Cloaths, tore his Shirt down, and gently drew out his Sword: And then, after he had well ſuck'd the Wound, taking his Handkercheif, he rowl'd up the Corners of it hard, and thruſt it into the Orifice: Then buttoning his Cloaths, he liſted him up, and deſired him, while he was able, that he would acquaint the People of the Houſe that his Death was of his own ſeeking. And when they were come about him, he was ſo generous as to ſay, 'If I 'die, Sir *Robert* is clear; for if he had not killed me, I

'would have killed him.' Sir *Robert* procur'd him Surgeons: And, after a while, when great Pains came upon him, he lamented himſelf much, and ſaid, 'It was the juſt 'Hand of GOD upon him for meddling with the Quakers. 'But, if he will be pleaſed to ſpare me, and try me again, 'I'll never have a Hand againſt 'em any more. For '*Haywood* told me, If I went on perſecuting, the ſame 'Hand that overtook my Father would overtake Me, be'fore I was aware. He further told me, I was ſet on by 'ſome envious Prieſts; and I might have Time to repent 'it. And ſo I do with all my Heart. And 'tis true; I 'could never come into Company with Mr. *Careleſs* or 'Mr. *Freame*, but they would be ſtirring me up to put the 'Laws in Execution againſt *Diſſenters*.' The Sword having miſs'd his Intrails, he recover'd, ſtood Candidate for the County after, and never more diſturb'd our Meetings.

The next Thing I ſhall take Notice of is, the Proceedings of Juſtice *James George* againſt my Father, my Brother *Nathaniel*, and myſelf. He came to the *Ram* in *Cirenceſter*, and ſent for my Brother and me. My Father went with us. And, when we came thither he ſaid: ——— 'Tis very 'well *John*, that you are come too. I ſent for your Sons, 'to let them know it is His Majeſty's Pleaſure to have 'the Laws put in Execution: And now I take this Opportunity to let them and you know that we muſt all be of One Church

John Roberts. 'Thou ought'ſt then to be well aſſured 'that it be the *right Church*. For if thou ſhouldſt be ſo far 'permitted to exerciſe the Authority thou art intruſted 'with, as to *force* a Man, *againſt his Conſcience*, to conform 'to a *wrong Church*, thou can'ſt not indemnify that Man 'for ſo *Conforming* in the Day of Account. I have read, 'indeed, that our SAVIOUR made a Whip of ſmall Cords to 'whip the Buyers and Sellers *out of the Temple*; but I never 'read that he whipp'd any *in*.——*The Window of the Room being open, we had a Proſpect of* Cirenceſter *Tower; and the Juſtice, pointing to it ſaid,* 'What do you call that John?

John Roberts. *Thou may'ſt call it* a Daw-houſe, *if thou pleaſeſt. Doſn't thou ſee how the* Jack-Daws *flock about it.*

Juſtice. Well! notwithſtanding your Jeſting, I warn you,

in

in the King's Name, that you *Meet* no more, as you'll anſwer it at your Peril.

John Roberts. *Then, I ſuppoſe, thou think'ſt thou haſt done thy Duty.*

Juſtice. Yes.

John Roberts. *Then I deſire thee to give me Leave to do* my Duty. *And I do now warn* thee, *in the Name of the* King of Kings, *and* Lord of Lords, *not to moleſt or hinder us in the peaceable Exerciſe of* our Duty to GOD, *as thou wilt anſwer it at another Day.*

A little Time after this, he ſent to the Officers, to bid 'em go to the Quakers Meeting-houſe on Sunday next, and bring their Names to him. The Officers were very unwilling to obey his Command; and ſome of them acquainted me with their Orders, deſiring we would not meet at the uſual Time, or otherwiſe that we would meet at another Place. I told them, we did not dare ſo far to deny the Worſhip of our GOD: For, ſaid I, we worſhip the ſame GOD that *Daniel* did: And he, notwithſtanding the ſevere Decree of the King, failed not openly to own GOD, by praying to him, with his Window open as uſual. And our GOD is the ſame he was in *Daniel*'s Days, as able to ſtop the Mouth of the Lion as he was then. And we are not afraid to truſt in him, having had Experience of many Deliverances he hath wrought for us. The next Firſt Day we met, at the Time and Place we uſed to meet; and a good Meeting we had, the Living Preſence of the LORD being ſenſibly felt amongſt us. One of the Conſtables came in, and deliver'd a Warrant to my Brother *John*, deſiring him to read it. But my Brother put it in his Pocket, telling him he deſign'd to read it when the Meeting was over. 'That will not do, 'ſaid he; for if you will not read it now, I deſire you to 'give it me again.' Which he did. And then they took a Liſt of ſeveral of our Names, and carried it to Juſtice *George*. On which he ſent out his Warrants to diſtrain our Goods. They ſeiz'd my Father's Corn in his Barns, and lock'd up the Barn-Doors. At that Time the Murrain had ſeiz'd the Juſtice's Cattle, and they died apace. His Steward told him he muſt ſend for *John Haywood*, or he would looſe all his Cattle. 'No, ſaid the Juſtice, don't ſend for 'him now; becauſe I have Warrants out againſt him and 'his Sons. Send for any body elſe now.' So the Steward

ſent for another; who did what he could for 'em; but to very little Purpoſe, for the Cattle continued to ſicken and die as before. The Steward then told him, 'Pleaſe your 'Worſhip, if you don't ſend for *John Haywood*, I believe 'you will looſe all your Cattle; for now the Bull is ſick, 'and off his Meat; and I don't find *this* Man does 'em any 'good. But if you pleaſe to ſend for *John*, I don't queſ-'tion but he could be of Service to 'em.' Send for *him* then, ſaid the Juſtice; but don't bring him *in* as you uſe to do. When he has done what ye can, pay him and diſmiſs him. So my Father was ſent for and went (having learned the Great Chriſtian Leſſon to return Good for Evil) and did his beſt for 'em. When he had done, as he was wiping his Hands in the Entry, the Juſtice undeſignedly came by him; and, ſeeing he could not avoid his Notice, ſaid, 'So *John*, 'you have done ſomething for my Cattle, I ſuppoſe. *Yes*, 'ſaid my Father, *and I hope it will do 'em good.* Well, 'ſaid the Juſtice to the Steward, pay *John*.

John Roberts. *No; I'll have none of thy Money.*

Juſtice. None of my Money! Why ſo?

John Roberts. *To what Purpoſe is it for me to take a little of thy Money* by Retail, *and thou come and take my Goods* by Wholeſale.

Juſtice. Don't think your coming to drench and bleed my Cattle ſhall deter me from executing the King's Laws.

John Roberts. *It's Time enough for thee to* deny *me a Favour when I* aſk *it of thee. I ſeek no Favour at thy Hands. But, when thou haſt done* me *all the Diſpleaſure* thou *art permitted to do, I will notwithſtanding ſerve* thee *or* thine *to the utmoſt of my Power.*

Juſtice. Well, *John*, you muſt ſtay and dine with me.

John Roberts. *Perhaps I ſhall intrude if I ſtay. I had rather be excuſed.*

Juſtice. 'Tis no Intruſion, *John*; you ſhall ſtay.

So my Father ſtay'd, and preſented him with a Piece of *Thomas Ellwood*'s againſt Perſecution. Which together with my Father's Readineſs to ſerve him, ſo wrought on him, that I don't remember any of his Corn was taken from him at that Time. But my Brother *Nathaniel* and myſelf, being Partners in Trade in *Cirenceſter*, were Fin'd by this Juſtice *George*, for our Selves and Unable Perſons preſent with us at the Meeting, Seventy Pounds.

Some time after came to our Houſe Sir *Thomas Cutler*, with other Juſtices, the Sheriff of the County, his Men, and Two Conſtables. Our Neighbours, in Goodwill to us, ſhut our Doors, and the Maid faſtened them on the Inſide. But the Juſtices gave Orders they ſhould be broke opon. A Young Woman, being in the Shop when it was done, ran out at the Back-door in a Fright. Which Sir *Thomas* ſeeing ſaid, 'There's One gone! There might as 'well be Five Hundred gone! I'll take my Oath here was 'a Conventicle. I, being near him, bid him take care what he ſaid or ſwore, becauſe he muſt give Account, and he knew not how ſoon. A Servant beloning to one of them took off my Hat, and laid it on the Table. I took it, and put it on again, ſaying, *I hope a Man may keep his Hat on in his own Houſe, without Offence to any Man.*

Sir *Thomas*. What's your Name?

D. Roberts. *Daniel Roberts.*

Sir *Thomas*. Can you ſwear?

D. Roberts. *Not that I know of. I never try'd.*

Sir *Thomas*. Then you muſt begin now.

D. Roberts. *I think I ſhall not.*

Sir *Thomas*. How will you help it?

D. Roberts. *By not doing it. But if thou can'ſt convince me by that Book in thy Hand* [which was a Bible] *that it is lawful to ſwear, ſince* CHRIST *forbids it, then I will ſwear. For when Men come and ſay You muſt ſwear or ſuffer, 'tis but reaſonable to expect ſuch Men ſhould be qualified to prove it lawful. Our Saviour ſays,* Swear not at all: *Thou ſay'ſt* I muſt ſwear. *Pray, which muſt I obey?*

Sir *Thomas* Well, *Daniel,* if you will not ſwear you muſt go to Jail.

D. Roberts. *The Will of* GOD *be done. For be it known to you, we had rather be in Priſon, and enjoy our Peace with* GOD, *than be at Liberty, and break our Peace with Him.*

Juſtice *Parſons.* I ſuppoſe you are one of *J. Haywood*'s Sons.

D. Roberts. *Yes.*

Juſtice *Parſons.* I am ſorry for that.

D. Roberts. *Why art thou ſorry for that? I never heard an honeſt Man ſpeak againſt my Father in my Life. What haſt thou againſt him?*

Sir *Thomas.* That he is not only miſled himſelf, but is alſo a Means to miſlead others.

Obedience to the Law of his God, *that's no more than the Accuſers of honeſt* Daniel *had againſt him; and that does not concern me.* Sir *Thomas.* His worſhipping God in the Way he does is Crime enough. D. Roberts. *Then I hope I ſhall be a Criminal as long as I live.*

Then they ſeiz'd what Goods they pleaſed, and took them away with them. And, after they had tender'd to us the Oaths twice more, our Mittimus was made, and we were ſent to *Glouceſter* Caſtle; where we found ſeveral of our Friends before us; and, with them that were ſent in ſoon after us, we became a Family of Forty or Fifty. The Jailor's Name was *John Landborne*; and, for a Piece of Service I did him *gratis* in his Abſence, (i. e. officiating as Key-turner, and preventing Two notorious Robbers from breaking out) I could prevail with him to let ſeveral of our Friends go home, when Occaſion particularly required, for ſome Time together. We, being a large Number of us in the Priſon, had often large Meetings, on the Firſt Days, in the Caſtle. Divers of the Priſoners who were not of us, as well as ſeveral People out of the City, would come and ſit down with us. Therefore *Richard Parſons*, one of our Perſecutors, who liv'd in the City, came to our Morning Meeting, accompany'd with ſeveral others. My Father was preſent with us, and *Henry Panton* (who had formerly been a Fencing-maſter) was preaching, when they came in, concerning the Confeſſion of ſome, who perpetually ſay, they are *doing of what they ought not, and leaving undone what they ought to do:* Which Words *Parſons* (who was a Prieſt, a Chancellor, and a Juſtice took hold of, telling him he was complaining of others for what he was doing himſelf: For ſaid he, *You are now doing what you ought not, and leaving undone what you ought to do*; catching hold of his grey Locks to pull him down. But *Henry* being a Tall Man, pretty ſtrong and active, tho' in Years, he ſtood his Ground, and ſpoke over his Head. *Parſons* then ſtrove to ſtop his Mouth; but he avoided it by turning his Head aſide. When he had done ſpeaking, a Friend ſtood up and ſaid, *'Tis a Sign the Devil's hard put to it to have his Drudgery done, that Prieſts muſt leave their Pulpits and Pariſhioners, to take up the Buſineſs of Informers againſt poor Priſoners in the Priſon.* After Prieſt *Parſons* had been ſome Time endeavouring to get the Names of ſome preſent, and nobody would give him Infor-

be even with you another Way. For he had got a Liſt of ſeveral of the Priſoners Names: and taking for granted they were all preſent at the Time, he ſent out his Warrants for detaining their Goods. However, herein he was miſtaken; for ſeveral were then abſent; amongſt whom was *Lettice Guſh*, a Widow, who liv'd about Twenty Miles diſtant. Some Officers were ſent to her Houſe to diſtrain her Goods, for being at this Meting, when ſhe was Twenty Miles from the Place. When the Officers came, ſhe told them ſhe was not at the Meeting; and, to convince them, perſuaded 'em to go with her to her Landlord, who was alſo a Juſtice of the Peace, and knew what ſhe ſaid to be true. When they came before him, and ſhew'd him the Warrant, 'What a 'Raſcal, ſaid he, is this *Parſons*! Here he ſays he'll take 'his Oath that my Tenant was convicted by him of being 'at a Conventicle, in *Glouceſter* Caſtle, ſuch a Day of the 'Month; and I'll take my Oath ſhe was at home the ſame 'Time, which is Twenty Miles off. If you touch any of 'her Goods by Virtue of this Warrant, be it at your Peril. 'I'll aſſure you if you do, I'll ſtick cloſe to you Skirts.'

Officer. *What can we do in this Caſe? How can we make a legal Return of the Warrant without executing it?*

Landlord. 'Carry it back to Mr. *Parſons*, and tell him 'to wipe his Breech with it; and I'll bear you out in it.'

So they return'd, without giving her any further Trouble. Another Warrant was iſſued out againſt *Francs Boy*, Phyſician, on the ſame Account, and of the ſame Value, who was likwiſe abſent at the Time of his pretended Conviction. When the Officers came to diſtrain his Goods, he was not at home. So his Cattle were taken away, to the Value of between 20 and 30 l. He afterwards, on Inſpection, found by his Books, that he was attending a Gentleman the Time he was ſaid to be convicted. To this Gentleman he went, and enquired of him if he could remember the Day he attended him? The Gentleman anſwer'd, 'he had good Reaſon to remember 'it; for, ſaid he, if you had not done what you did for 'me that Day, I believe I ſhould have been now in my 'Grave.' He then inform'd the Gentleman of the Reaſon that induced him to give him that Trouble. 'Well, reply'd 'he, I adviſe you to appeal to the next Quarter Seſſions 'for Redreſs; and you may aſſure yourſelf I'll endeavour

'Oath, before any Judge, or Bench of Juſtices in *England*, 'that you were with me that Day.' But it ſo fell out that he had no Occaſion to appeal. For it ſoon took Air that he had ſuch a ſubſtantial Evidence in his Favour; and his Cattle were return'd before the Seſſions.

Not long after, it pleas'd GOD to viſit our dear Father with Sickneſs that prov'd mortal. I had Leave to attend him in the major Part of the Time he was ſick: And the LORD was pleaſed to favour him with his Living Preſence in his laſt Moments; and having honourably finiſhed his Day's Work, he departed this Life in the Year 1683, and was interred in the Piece of Ground he had long before given to Friends for a Burying-place, ſituate at the lower End of his Orchard, at *Siddington*, near *Cirenceſter*.

Some Days after his Interment, I had the News that my Brother and my ſelf, with Four Friends more were diſcharg'd by the Judge; but that the other Four were detain'd for their Fees. I therefore went down to uſe my Intereſt with the Jailor for their Diſcharge. I found him ill in Bed; and told me he was very willing to remit the Fees belonging to himſelf; but there was ſome due to the Under-Sheriff, and thoſe were not in his Power. But ſoon after, Providence ſo ordered, that we all had our Liberty; and I came and ſettled at my preſent Habitation at *Cheſham*, in *Buckinghamſhire*, where I have now dwelt about Forty Years.

Thus, conſidering, that it were great Pity thoſe ſingular Providences of the Almighty ſhould not be recorded, for the Benefit of Poſterity, I was willing, for my own Peruſual and that of my Family, and ſome few particular Friends, to commit them to writing. In the doing of which, reſpecting the ſeveral Conferences my Father had with the Biſhops, and others, before-mentioned, I have been careful to pen them down in the ſame Words they were then expreſs'd in, as near as I could recollect, or at leaſt to retain the genuine Senſe and Purport of them. Which (Reader) if they tend to thy Confirmation and Encouragement in a Courſe of true Chriſtian Piety, I have my End; who am

Thy ſincere Friend,

Cheſham, 4th Mo. 1725. DANIEL ROBERTS.